



DECEMBER, 1938



KAROL SZANTO



Sh = h = !

I'll soon be
on my way!

LAST CHRISTMAS you sent me out smiling with a bag load
of Gift Subscriptions.

You gave THE SIGN as a gift to your friends.

And I know you haven't been sorry because when I took
off my whiskers and went to work in the postoffice, I could
see how welcome your gift was every month. And if it wasn't
in my bag every month I heard about it.

If you'll look at the inside back cover of this issue you'll
see what I mean.

And if you'll READ THE FORM INSERTED in this
issue and follow instructions thereon, I'll gladly have my
hands full for another year.

SHOP EARLY AND GET YOUR GIFT THERE ON TIME

BUSINESS MANAGER

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PERSONAL MENTION

• **REPORTING** on present conditions in the Vicariate of Yüanling, Hunan, **BISHOP CUTHBERT O'GARA, C.P.**, describes for readers of *THE SIGN Our Refugee Problem*. Undoubtedly the situation has become more critical during the weeks since this article arrived from China. The war has penetrated into Hunan Province. Yochow has fallen. The city of Chihkiang, in which the Sisters of St. Joseph and two Passionist Fathers are stationed, has been bombed. Changsha, the provincial capital, is in flames.

Apart from one visit to the United States, after his consecration, Bishop O'Gara has been in China since 1924. Born in Ottawa, Canada, he entered the Grand Seminary in Montreal. Before his ordination he entered the Passionist novitiate at Pittsburgh, Pa. Until his departure for the Far East he was engaged in teaching Passionist students who were preparing for the priesthood.

• **WITH** real concern and with first-hand knowledge, **H. A. FROMMELT** discusses *The Future of Our Catholic Workers*. He suggests a course of action which will insure workingmen of their rights while protecting them from sinister influences which are prepared and eager to turn union organizations to unworthy ends.

Recently head of the Mechanical Engineering Department of Marquette University, Mr. Frommelt is now a consulting engineer. It is in this capacity that he has had an opportunity to observe the threatening situation of which he writes. He is also editor of *The Echo*—Buffalo, N. Y., and contributing editor of *The Wanderer*—St. Paul, Minnesota.



Dona Belle Costello



Most Rev. Cuthbert O'Gara, C.P.

• **HIGH** walls, guards, steel bars, are not a barrier to grace. Such is the conclusion of the remarkable, authenticated document from No. 19368, *My Life in Prison*. The Chaplain has confirmed this account of a prisoner's successful efforts to convert his fellow-convicts. We are pleased to state that the author of this unusual article expects his parole

before this coming Christmas. We wish him all success.

• **PAUL MCGUIRE** outlines suggestions on *Reading for Catholic Action*. We hope that as many of our readers as possible will hear this enthusiastic author during the coming year when he will lecture on Catholic Action in fifty key cities throughout the United States. The Knights of Columbus, who are sponsoring his tour, announce that admission will be free.

• **IN FICTION** form our thoughts are seasonably directed to *Uncle's Christmas Gift*, by **DONA BELLE COSTELLO**. At present a staff member of the Department of Education of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, the author finds her day well filled. Yet the evenings and week-ends are

given over to writing. Some of her contributions have appeared in Catholic magazines and in syndicated releases of the N.C.W.C. Press Department. She intends to continue her literary activities and is now engaged in preparing a more pretentious work.

• **MARY MARGARET LYNCH** was born and has lived all her life on a farm in Chester County, Pennsylvania. In 1934 she was graduated from the Women's College of the University of Delaware and since then has taught Home Economics (cooking, sewing and other gentle mysteries) to the little girls of a small-town high school in Pennsylvania-Dutch Lancaster County. Being a woman, she writes for the same reason that she talks—so she tells us—because she likes to. In time she hopes to approach

man's given reason for written expression, which is—that one has something to say. We believe that you will find she has something to say in *The Gentle Essay*.

• **FATHER JOSEPH THORNING** returns to us with information, obtained by personal interviews, on *Brazil's F.D.R.* So little has been written on the subject that his findings are a welcome addition to what we have read of that country.



Mary Margaret Lynch

THE SIGN



A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE



Forgotten Brothers of Christ

THE CHRISTMAS CRIB recalls, even in our most magnificent churches, the fact that Christ was born in utter want. He was cradled in a straw-strewn manger and was sheltered against the cold only by such means as Mary's poverty could provide. We build in marble and with gold. We decorate with precious jewels. We dig deep into the earth to find new treasures with which to honor Him. And, in the end, we know that we are but returning to Him what is His, and that our best is all too little with which to express our faith and gratitude.

All who understand the meaning of Christ's Incarnation are aware that no altar, no shrine, no cathedral represents the full tribute with which we should honor Him. Our Saviour came to restore man to God. He revealed man's worth and dignity in becoming one of our race. In His quest for our souls He set a price upon us which can be named only if we can measure the value of His precious life's blood.

Man's dignity, in God's design, does not depend on position, color or financial standing. Christ emphasized that in His birth and in His obedience to Mary and Joseph in the despised town of Nazareth. It is a lesson which the world has been slow to understand.

Yet, that His meaning might not be mistaken. He founded a Church. It is His Will that men, from generation to generation, should not have to stumble about as individuals, groping for the truth. Through His Apostles and their successors and through His Sacraments, men of all times should have guidance, grace and the co-operation of their fellow-men.

Working out this Divine Plan, the Church has sent its apostles into every corner of the world to preach the message of peace and salvation. No hardships or dangers or sacrifices have discouraged these valiant pioneers. When it was a question of their lives for the sake of souls, they gladly paid with their lives. Behind all the history of the Church growing is this secret of their zeal: they kept eternal values in mind.

Concerned as it has been with the salvation of souls, the Church has not forgotten that man has temporal needs. We are not pure spirits. We must be fed and housed and clothed. God Himself has lavishly provided nature with the means for our support.

BUT this storehouse of nature has been drawn upon, not always in charity and justice but often with extreme selfishness. In many cases those who have

worked the hardest are those who are suffering the greatest want. The mighty and unscrupulous have imposed upon their weaker brethren. Men, women and children who are as dear to God as any of His creatures, shiver in threadbare garments, go hungry to their wretched beds, toss unattended in their illness and creep into the hovels they call their homes.

We do not have to travel to so-called primitive countries to find such conditions. One of our leading Catholic American economists assures us that from 1935-36: "14 per cent of the 29,000,000 families of this country had an annual income of less than \$500.00; 42 per cent less than \$1000.00; and 65 per cent less than \$1500.00."

Any intelligent person who is acquainted with the costs of living can fill in the picture of the privation, undernourishment and despair which is the lot of such unfortunates. We have heard again and again that such unbalanced distribution of even the decencies of life is not good business, that it is not good economy, that it is not good Americanism. I believe that, as Catholics, we should cut through to the root of the evil and admit that it is not good Christianity.

CRIME, birth control, loss of faith, defections to Communism—these cannot be blamed on economic conditions alone. Not at all. But there is no defense in this wide world for the appalling injustices which have crushed our fellow-men beneath a burden which they cannot, of themselves, shake off.

True, in this country we Catholics are a minority. Yet how often have we reasoned that by our very numbers we are entitled to a more prominent place in the affairs of this nation? Very well, let us have it; but let such a position be used for a demonstration of the Catholic principles in which we profess belief. Let us be the leaders, not the belated followers in the reforms and legislation and just practices which will put more of our countrymen into decent homes where they can more easily lead decent Christian lives. And let us be leaders not just because it is good business or good Americanism, but because it is good Christianity. I do not know of anything that could prove better that we understand what it meant to the world when the Son of God became the Son of Man.

Father Theophane Maguire S.J.

CURRENT FACT AND COMMENT

• **THE C.I.O.** met in convention recently at Pittsburgh to replace a temporary committee with a permanent constitutional organization. For three years the C.I.O.

A Permanent C. I. O.

has pioneered in the work of vertical unionism, and while it has made many mistakes and met many obstacles, it has been successful in unionizing vast numbers of hitherto neglected unskilled workers in the mass industries. In view of this it was inevitable that the C.I.O. should be given permanent form, either united to the A.F. of L. or separate from it.

We have expressed before in these pages the belief that there is great need for the vertical union. In the three years of its existence the C.I.O. has had phenomenal success in its efforts to unionize vast numbers who had never been members of craft unions. Now that it is established in permanent form we hope that it will take up the too-long-neglected task of cleaning its house of those radical elements which have brought it into disrepute in many quarters and which will certainly be a serious hindrance to its further progress. The C.I.O. cannot afford to overlook the fact that some of its affiliated unions are dominated by Reds who have transplanted to our country many of the tactics of foreign Communists.

It is regrettable that under the circumstances the C.I.O. convention would seem to widen the breach between it and the A.F. of L. and appear to divide them into two permanently established warring camps. The sparring and shadow-boxing will probably continue for a long time to come. Why they cannot stand shoulder to shoulder and fight for a common cause is something the general public cannot understand.

• **THERE** is no doubt that the Communists have made strenuous efforts to secure control of unions affiliated with the C.I.O. and that in many cases they have succeeded. Mr. H. A. Frommelt

Catholics and the Unions

in "The Future of Our Catholic Workers" which appears in this issue (P. 263) cites the example of a union of ten thousand men of which the Communists got control although more than fifty per cent of the members were Catholics.

In his testimony before the Dies Committee investigating un-American activities, Mr. Zygmund Dobrzynski of Detroit, an organizer for the U.A.W., gave testimony that confirms what Mr. Frommelt has to say about Communist methods. Communist strategy, Mr. Dobrzynski testified, usually involves the sending of a small organized group into union meetings to filibuster and heckle. This, he said, would disgust the honest-to-goodness members and they would go home, leaving the disruptive element in charge.

The result of all this is that while Catholics remain

dues-paying members of the union they leave the union meetings and the positions of union leadership to the Reds. The stupidity of such a course is patent. Catholics should not only not be frightened away from the unions because of the radicalism of some members and leaders, but they should for that very reason redouble their energies in an effort to make their influence felt. Instead of standing aside and criticizing the C.I.O. for Communism in its ranks, let Catholics get into the C.I.O. and supplant the Communists. This is an immediate duty for our Catholic workingmen.

• • •

• **THE** civilized world is aghast at the barbarous cruelty with which the Jews in Germany are being scourged. We are quite sure that there must be many splendid

Nazis Prepare Their Doom

Germans who are equally appalled at the violence of those who hold the fatherland in their grasp. Indignation stirs us to blunt, harsh words as we learn of the pitiless fury with which minorities are being crushed. But in Germany and elsewhere, as we have pointed out before, it is a minority which has seized power and is now guilty of such inhuman vengeance.

The nearest approach to refinement of which the Nazis can be remotely suspected is their devilish technique of "bloodless" persecution. To be deprived of bread for his wife and children, until he submits to the "party," will break a man's spirit far more quickly than will chains or stripes. Preventing Catholic youth from hearing the word of God and frustrating their opportunities for a religious education means much more to the hierarchy of Germany than the breaking of their windows or the ransacking of their private files. Restrictions on their cultural activities hurt the Jews more keenly than the smearing of crude epithets on their shops.

Some immediate action should be taken to provide a permanent home for these victims of persecution. Uprooted from the soil they love, these Jews and other outcasts of the land which gave them birth will doubtless find a Christian welcome among their Christian neighbors. Certainly there is precedent in the United States for offering a haven to some of those who have suffered persecution in their own countries. It is not to open old sores nor to re-read unpleasant chapters from a not-too-remote history, that we recall how many came to this land to enjoy freedom and liberty of conscience. Perhaps it is too much to ask of persecutors who cannot reason in the present, that they should meditate on the past. But we may remind those who are concerned about the future of Germany, that the hunted and despised people who fled to America were welded into a nation which has withstood its enemies. The Nazis may well be transplanting to congenial soil the seeds of their future doom.

• **T**HERE is another thought in connection with this persecution which we believe should be presented. Let us put it as a question. Suppose the Jews, the Catholics

"Gentlemen" of the Press

and the non-conforming Protestants of Germany had been lined up and shot, or hacked to pieces or blown up by hand grenades. Would that change the picture? Should we then, instead of displaying the news on our front pages, practice reticence and confine the story to a few paragraphs on the back page? The question seems foolish. But go back to your papers of both England and America and find the record of the space devoted to the persecution of Catholics in Mexico and Spain. How belated and how grudgingly told were the accounts of outrages in those countries which immeasurably surpassed anything which is being perpetrated in Germany today!

We admire and we are fully in accord with the protests which are being voiced against the excesses in Nazi-land. But it is not unchristian of us to feel as moved at the picture of a ruined shrine in Mexico or Spain as we do in viewing a broken and looted shop window in Berlin. It is not unchristian of us to declare that we are as much aghast at the murder of a Mexican priest as we are at the news of a professor who has been thrown out of his job because of his race. It is not unchristian of us to say that we suffer more on hearing of a butchered Spanish nun than we do on reading about a homeless Jew.

These are the things—these suppressed, half-told stories of other persecutions, gentlemen of the secular press, which the Germans will throw back into your teeth. Of course these things do not excuse them; but they most certainly damn you. And when are some of our slumbering Catholics going to be roused from their pacifist and neutral dreams? Our churches in Spain are violated and burned, our priests and nuns and lay people are slain, our Catholic dead are disinterred and dishonored. And you creep into the quiet of your sheltered editorial rooms and write that maybe there is something of politics mixed up with this; maybe the Catholics there are partly to blame; maybe—even though the Bishops of Spain and of most of the world have cried out in horror—maybe we had better be neutral, so that we shall not be fooled by propaganda.

No, you must not take sides when Catholics are massacred. You must be neutral. You must even be so neutral that you will laugh at the rest of the Catholic Press. But now you will thump your chests and shout with the crowd. Now you will join the just and very safe protest against the Nazis. There is no danger for you there. And the tens of thousands of Catholics who were slaughtered in Spain look down with wondering pity on you and pray: "Lord, that they may see!"

• • •
• **MRS. MARGARET SANGER**, leader of the movement to make birth control legal and respectable, has just published her autobiography. It throws an interesting light on the influences of her early surroundings in forming her ideas on birth control. Writing of her home town (Corn- ing, N. Y.) she says: "Along

the river flats lived the factory workers, chiefly Irish; on the heights above the rolling clouds of smoke that belched from the chimneys lived the owners and executives. The tiny yards of the former were asprawl with children; in the gardens on the hills only two or three played. This contrast made a track in my mind. Large

families were associated with poverty, toll, unemployment, drunkenness, cruelty, fighting, jails; the small ones with cleanliness, leisure, freedom, light, space, sunshine."

It is all as simple as that. The poor are poor because they have many children. The well-to-do are well-to-do because they have few children. The remedy is evident. Induce the poor to have few children and you not only eliminate all that goes with many children—"poverty, toll, unemployment, drunkenness, cruelty, fighting, jails"—but you replace all this with "cleanliness, leisure, freedom, light, space, sunshine."

This is a good sample of the crudity of the arguments used by the birth controllers.

A couple of weeks ago Mrs. Sanger was in New York. She declared herself alarmed at the low birth rate among healthy and intelligent couples. As a means of promoting national welfare, she advocates subsidies for those in the group who cannot afford to bring up a family.

It does not seem to strike Mrs. Sanger that she is responsible in a large measure for the adoption of the practice which has produced the low birth rate she views with alarm. If, instead of fighting for birth control, Mrs. Sanger had spent the past twenty years crusading for subsidies for those who cannot afford large families, she would have no reason now to be alarmed at the situation.

• • •
• **ONE** of our readers, in sending a donation for the Hunan Relief Fund, writes that "It is easier to give than to ask." This good friend realized that only necessity

It Is Easier To Give

forces us to approach those who may be burdened with their own personal problems. There is a further truth in his statement. If those to whom we now appeal for help could see our missionaries ministering to suffering multitudes, they would agree with this seeming paradox. Some of the touching sights which now confront our Fathers and Sisters are described by Bishop Cuthbert O'Gara, C.P. on page 287, and by the Sisters of St. Joseph on page 291 of this issue.

Within the last few days Yochow has fallen, Changsha is in flames, and Chihkiang has been bombed. All three cities are in the Province of Hunan. In the last named are two Passionist Fathers and five Sisters of St. Joseph. The war is rapidly closing in on our territory. Under such circumstances the number of refugees in need of shelter, food and medical attention is increasing tremendously.

This relief work of the missionaries not only fulfills the command of charity but also makes a deep impression on the afflicted people of China and on their leaders. Many pagans are becoming aware, for the first time, of the lives of sacrifice which the missionaries are leading in the country's vast interior. Officials and refugees alike are recognizing the service which has been given in such unstinted measure. Whatever may be the outcome of the war, the Church will have increased its prestige and will have enlarged its opportunities to spread the Faith, if the missionaries can meet the present emergency.

We here in the United States are far from bombs and shells, from tens of thousands of starving, homeless wanderers, from thousands who have no shelter in the world to which they may return. For us distance dims the picture of their unspeakable misery. But even from the partial accounts of our missionaries, we may well be stirred to sacrifice something for the relief of those who are our unknown brethren in Christ.

• **ONE** way to oppose Communism is to examine and expose its errors and denounce them in season and out of season. A much more effective method, however, is

Security for the Worker

to remove the causes which breed Communism, and this can be done by taking positive, constructive steps toward the spread of social justice and the increase of security for the workingman. The Federal and many State Governments have made considerable progress in this direction in recent years. It is encouraging to note that there are private employers who are furthering this work by various means, such as insurance for their employees, profit sharing, etc.

The experiment recently announced by General Motors Corporation for an annual wage quota is a step in the right direction. By this income security plan, devised to tide over employees during slack periods, employees of five years' or more service would receive at least 60 per cent of their standard weekly earnings throughout the year. Employees of two to five years' service would receive 40 per cent of their standard weekly earnings up to a total amount equal to seventy-two hours' pay. If an eligible employee receives a base pay of one dollar an hour, his standard weekly earnings will be \$40. In case of a shut-down, he will continue to receive 60 per cent, or \$24 a week. When work is resumed at the standard rate, he will receive half the difference between \$24 and \$40 or \$32 until the company's advance has been repaid by his refund of \$8 a week. If work advances to forty-eight hours a week, with time and a half for overtime, the employee will receive \$38 weekly in addition to paying the company \$14 weekly until the loan has been paid off.

Plans of this kind help to eliminate conditions of insecurity and industrial unrest, which offer a breeding ground for Communism. They will be found of untold benefit to employers, employees and the general public.

• **THOSE** who have heard him speak as well as those who are reading his present series on Catholic Action in THE SIGN, know that Paul McGuire is not a mere theorist. His suggestions for immediate and intensive activity are based not only on his practical knowledge of what is to be done but on his proven

Forming Book Circles

experience. This month in his article, "Reading for Catholic Action," he appeals to "that hard core of convinced Catholics" who are willing to do things. He is absolutely right in insisting that there can be no Catholic Action unless there is study and thought first. A spiritual and mental fitness must be the foundation for any outward growth.

There is no exaggeration on his part in the claim that contemporary Catholic literature is "remarkable in its scholarship, its devotion to the Church, its power to engage and interest the ordinary adult mind." Too often the mere mention of thought and study frightens men and women who are outstanding in their professions. They have the strange feeling that application to serious reading and discussion borders on boredom. His assurance that such is not the case is again based on actual experience.

We ask the serious consideration of our readers for the author's suggestion that those who are really interested in Catholic Action form book circles or clubs. To facilitate the formation of these Mr. McGuire,

through THE SIGN, is willing to act as a contact for persons who are concerned with this form of Catholic Action. On page 285 of this issue he requests that persons who wish to learn of others in their vicinity interested in the formation of such book clubs, send a postal card to THE SIGN as he designates. His idea has the merit of promoting co-operation and of making it possible for small clubs, by combined effort, to reduce expenses and to make the beginnings of a splendid collection of Catholic books and periodicals. The author will be in this country in the month of January. We should like to be able to present him with positive proof, through numerous inquiries from our readers, that American Catholics have passed the stage of mere talking and are ready to prove that they are prepared to launch into Catholic Action.

• • •

• **FOR** years the Communist International carried on its activities throughout the world, instituting revolutionary centres and spreading its propaganda in the hope of fomenting world revolution.

Soviet Merry-go-round

At the meeting of the Communist International held in Moscow in 1935 it was agreed to soft-pedal the policy of world revolution. The idea was by no means given up, although some naively accepted the new Communist maneuver at its face value.

The reasons for this change of front were not far to seek. The Soviet Union had become a respectable member of the League of Nations and was putting forth great efforts to make friends among the capitalist nations. This was difficult to do while her agents were fomenting rebellion against the very governments with which she was trying to make friends. Furthermore, by 1935 the Communists were becoming acutely aware of the rising menace of fascism, embodied in its starkest form in Hitler's Germany. To counter this threat and to make herself acceptable to the democratic powers, the U.S.S.R. put on the false face of democracy and gave herself a constitution which, while couched in democratic language, preserved intact the dictatorship of the Kremlin. It was in following out this new policy that the Reds made the pretense of abandoning all agitation abroad.

Strange to say, this policy made many gains for the Soviet. A couple of years ago the U.S.S.R. ranked as high as any other nation in the councils of Europe. Soviet diplomacy was backed by a Red army which was considered one of the greatest and most efficient in the world. They all but succeeded in setting up a Soviet State in Spain.

But now, for reasons too lengthy to be discussed here, all these carefully devised plans have come to naught. The skilfully prepared diplomatic structure built up by the Soviets has come tumbling down upon their heads. The Munich accord which left them out in the cold was the *coup de grace* to all their cherished plans. Since that agreement they have been ignored in the councils of Europe.

Now word comes from Moscow that there will be a revival of the activities of the Communist International. Since the new policy has failed, the Reds will go back to their old one of working for world revolution. The appeal of Communist propaganda is directed now to a "united working class front" and is aimed at inciting the workers to rise against their bourgeois and reactionary governments. The cycle is complete, and we are now back to where we were before 1935—the objects of a systematic and organized Red propaganda. It is well for us to be prepared.

The Future of Our Catholic Workers

When Eighty Communists Can Control a Labor Union in Which There Are More Than Five Thousand Catholics It is Time For Us To Do Something About It

By H. A. FROMMELT

IN A midwestern industrial centre a manufacturing organization employs, in normal times, approximately ten thousand workers. These workers are represented before the management by a local of the U.A.W., a C.I.O. affiliate. Before the Federal Government gave its support and blessing to collective bargaining through the Wagner Labor Act, and thus effected one of the most profound revolutions in the social and economic history of any people, this manufacturing enterprise was a leader in the Open Shop movement which it energetically fostered and promoted through manufacturing and trade organizations.

Organized labor can justly be criticized for occasional excesses in this transition period, during which a lasting and worthwhile labor movement is being firmly established in this country. It may be well to recall at the same time, however, some of the characteristics of that all-too-ugly creation of our industrialists which they erroneously referred to as the "Open Shop." Let us look at this child of American industrial individualism, secretly blessed by past administrations in Washington, in the mirror of this large manufacturing establishment which, though veiled for obvious reasons in anonymity, is nonetheless a "going" concern, referable to as Exhibit A in any court.

Nothing could be less open than the so-called "Open Shop." No employee organization, regardless of its origin, was permissible. Indeed, no worker carrying a union card could get by the employment manager. A secret and central clearing house of investigation, registration and information, made effective by an underground network of intelligence transmission, prevented even the most harmless carrier of a union card from piercing a cordon which made of these organizations most effective Closed Shops. This was the radiant Age of Individualism, when management pompously discussed industrial relations starting with the as-

sumption of the superior efficiency of individual employee dealings!

A member of a union was more suspiciously regarded than any typhus carrier. He could easily transmit the disease of unionism into these "Open Shops" which were acclaimed the glory of American industrialism and which were, not long since, the toast of two continents.

Spies were employed to attend all union meetings held in the district. Employees, frequently those most respected and trusted by fellow workers but who could be bought for a few extra dollars a month, attended these meetings to report fully their activities to the employer.

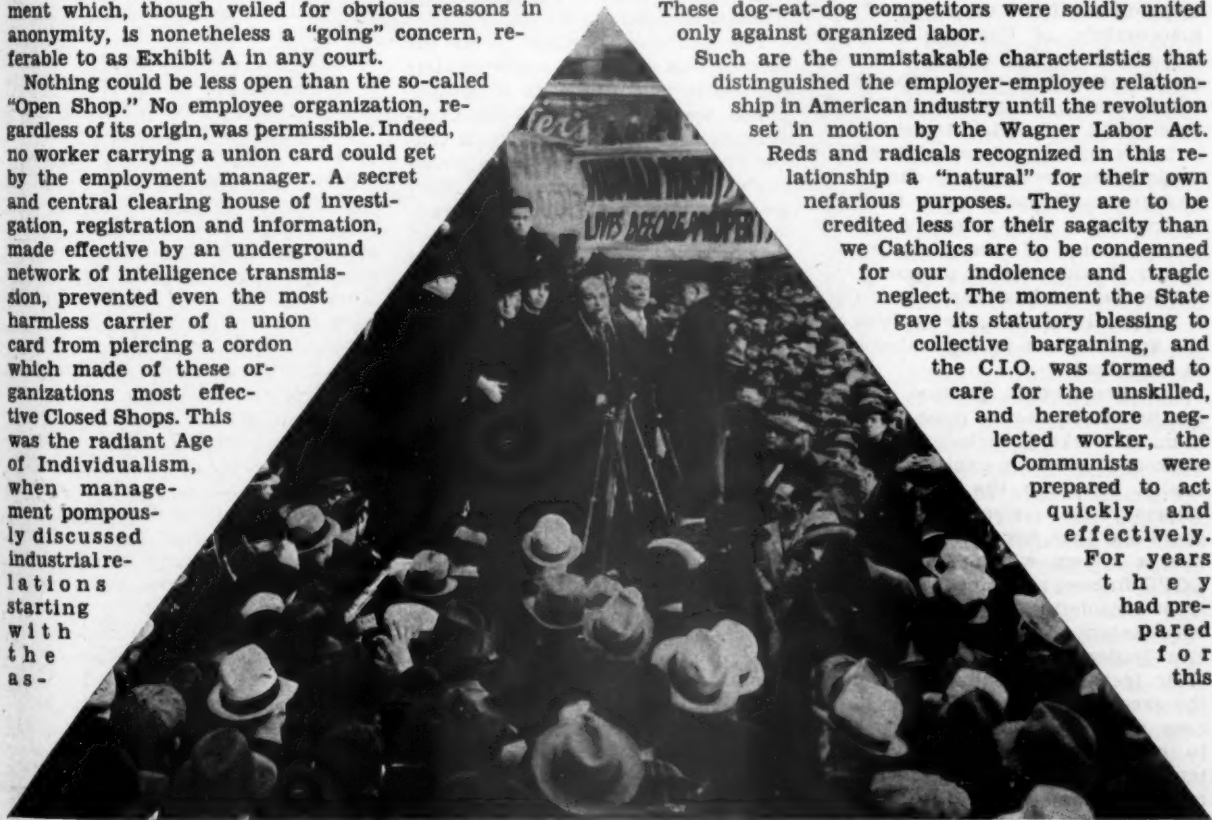
All members of the "Open Shop" league or manufacturers' associations contributed to a war chest in a preparedness program to prevent the enemy from declaring unexpected war, or to win the war in case efforts to prevent it failed. Funds from this chest flowed into any conflict raging in any member plant in spite of the vicious competition that otherwise characterized this industrial jungle. The greatest evil of this arrangement, however, was the philosophy of class hatred and division between employer and employee which it engendered.

These dog-eat-dog competitors were solidly united only against organized labor.

Such are the unmistakable characteristics that distinguished the employer-employee relationship in American industry until the revolution set in motion by the Wagner Labor Act.

Reds and radicals recognized in this relationship a "natural" for their own nefarious purposes. They are to be credited less for their sagacity than we Catholics are to be condemned for our indolence and tragic neglect. The moment the State gave its statutory blessing to collective bargaining, and the C.I.O. was formed to care for the unskilled, and heretofore neglected worker, the Communists were prepared to act quickly and effectively.

For years they had prepared for this



Union leaders addressing members of the U. A. W. in Detroit. Sound leadership is labor's greatest need

WIDE WORLD

golden opportunity. For years they had been training zealous, intelligent and courageous individuals who could now be thrust into these organizations to capture the major offices. The chaotic and still formless groups quickly surrendered to the skilled and persuasive technique of these master strategists.

AFTER a few months a secret agent reporting back to Communist headquarters could write substantially as follows: "The Blank Manufacturing Company, employing presently ten thousand men, is now controlled by Local No. — of the U.A.W., which, for obvious reasons, served our purposes more readily than the A. F. of L. Comrade John Doe, least suspected for his membership in the Party, is the president. Together with fewer than eighty members, all answering to the Party caucus, strategically scattered through the departments of this manufacturing company, he now completely controls these workers. Noteworthy for future use is the fact that more than fifty per cent of these workers are Catholics and active members of the parishes in this industrial community."

The publication of these facts is not justified by their novelty. Scarcely a day passes but that the dispatches inform us, more or less inaccurately, of Communistic control of this or that union. Moreover, the situation here used as Exhibit A can be multiplied innumerable times throughout industrial America. But if this summary of actual Communistic control reveals the dangerous and untenable position our Catholic workers have been maneuvered into in so many of these mushroom unions, it will serve its purpose.

The question has been asked: Can it happen here? Can the uprising of the Spanish Reds be duplicated here in America?

To answer this question intelligently, various factors must be borne in mind. Workers—including Catholic workers—have been exploited industrially. They are the victims of a vicious wage system. Until three years ago they were forcibly herded into a system which, with almost OGPU finesse, restrained them even from considering the hated and reviled unions. Now new and aggressive leaders have swept them off their feet. Many realize and admit the excesses of these leaders but excuse them as mild in comparison to the sins of the employers, or contend that we should wait until the pendulum comes to rest at the bottom of the arc of these changes.

Nor can the workers mistake the

efficiency of this new and fiery leadership. Tangible gains are already in the pocket. Only to hint that this leadership is tainted with deep red is often violently resented by the patient rank and file which only recently was helped to a few, very few, long-coveted objectives. It must be remembered, too, that until two years ago a labor movement inclusive of unskilled laborers had never existed in this country.

Quite naturally, then, this still-fermenting wine which has been poured into old bottles is generating a dangerously explosive pressure.

Add to this the unconscionable technique of the Reds for securing control. In the instance cited, eighty Communists by actual count, in one organization, control more than five thousand Catholic workers—Catholics who practice their religion heroically, support grade and high schools, and who are earnestly striving to have their families preserve the Faith.

In view of these facts the answer to whether it can happen here is a decided *yes*. It not only can but is actually in the first stages of its happening. Here and there other groups of working Catholics similar to the one referred to above are being skillfully maneuvered by a handful of well-trained, zealous, but amoral and irreligious Communists.

The Catholic attitude is, in the face of this situation, unfortunately the equivalent of years of propaganda work in behalf of the Communists. Catholic workers know that the Church is the bitter and irreconcilable enemy of Communism. They see unmistakable evidences of radicalism in their own locals. They reason that as Catholics they must not only be opposed to Communism but flee its associations. This attitude, amounting almost to an instinct in Catholic laboring men, is unfortunately reinforced by the traditional apathy in these matters, even among spiritual leaders. The result is that our Catholic workingmen refrain from participating in union elections and even from attending the regular meetings of their various locals.

TO TAKE the case mentioned as a concrete example, it would be relatively easy to commit those five thousand workers, faithful members of parishes and heads of Christian families, to a zoning ordinance in their industrial community that would make a parochial school impossible, or to a tax program that would levy an assessment on "large amounts of church-owned property," the income from which could be

made to appear as sorely needed as a result of the capitalistic debacle.

Whatever the next move would be, it would not, of course, be in the nature of a frontal attack. Not yet. The ridiculing of Americanism and the lauding of radical policies to which a blinded press gives space are hastening the day, however, when bolder moves can easily be executed.

Even then the Catholics in industrial sectors of conflict would be in a majority and they would not yet, if ever, answer to the enemy's roll call. Nevertheless, they would be the pawns of the Marxian atheists. They would refrain from associating with these unscrupulously clever leaders of the revolt against Christ's kingdom on earth. While members of the unions, they would leave the union meetings and union leadership entirely to the Reds.

A DECADE AGO organizations of Catholic workers in every American industrial parish should have been a vital part of our attempt to keep the collapse of the capitalistic régime from blotting us out. Today that is too late. Recently, university courses for the training of Catholic labor leaders have been inaugurated. Four years from now these degreed leaders may have no one to lead. Not that these courses and such workers' colleges and training programs should be abandoned. They must, however, be preceded by a maneuver that will match the enemy's current tactic. We must take from the roster of our industrial parishes the most likely Catholic laborers and instruct them in the technique of union control. Then we must put them in the thick of the battle, we must command them to wrest the positions of leadership from the Reds and steer the unions back into sane and sensible ways of corporate activity and existence.

This is an emergency. Emergency measures alone will suffice. In a subsequent article the measures that are being employed with some success in a limited area to meet this crisis among our Catholic workers will be discussed at length. We must begin by appreciating that the revolution in the American industrial sphere in the past few years has been incredibly profound. We have changed overnight from a high-pressured Open Shop industrial nation into a country in which the Closed Shop is federally sanctioned and sponsored. Our strategy must be equal to the resulting crisis in the ranks of Catholic labor—a crisis which threatens to isolate the workingman from the Church and make the Church appear to be on the side of the enemy.

My Life in Prison

By

No. 19368

From what the author calls the world's toughest prison—the rock pile of the hopeless—comes this story of a convict's battle against himself and his surroundings in his upward struggle. Although names have been changed for obvious reasons, the story is fact, not fiction—verified by the prison chaplain. Sentenced to ten years' imprisonment, the author is being released on parole sometime this month.

SOME primitive impulse urged me to scream at the harsh metallic clatter of huge iron gates as they closed behind me, choking off my past, sending me staggering into a cold, glamorous, future.

Oh God help me! I wanted to shout, but my throat felt paralyzed and constricted; but of what avail this struggle; my fate was inexorable; the just doom for a miserable sinner who had turned his back on God.

As in a trance I was led into and swallowed up by the world's toughest, most sordid, renegade-filled prison in the United States, known to the underworld as, and fittingly called, "The Rock." This would be my home for ten years.

Still stuporous of mind, I was put through the paces of "dressing-in;" my hair was clipped; I was "mugged," and finally taken to the Record Office.

"Protestant or Catholic . . .?" A belated wave of shame engulfed me at the Clerk's question, prodding my numbed senses. . . . The convict clerk's pencil probed me from my reverie.

"Catholic!" I hastened, hungrily clutching this ray of hope which had so unerringly penetrated the depth of my despair.

The barren prison yard swarmed with milling, gray-clad figures; the dejected, faithless, hopeless, mirthless hulks of empty-shelled humanity. Among certain groups I found some with whom I had "done time!" others I had known on the streets. They knew me as a "right guy;" through them would come "connections"—tobacco, toilet articles, perhaps later a soft job. Most of these were "lifers," or long termers with scant hopes of release. All were ready to



Prisoner

Etching by Julius Kumpf, Courtesy of Kennedy Galleries

"crash the joint" or, if provoked, to take a life. Tough characters in a tougher prison.

Being friends they were my "gang." I battled for or with them, listened to their fantastic plots for escape or shared their troubles. Although the seeming hopelessness of their lives provoked my sympathy, I could not fathom their philosophy, their lack of other interests in life but those of immediate needs.

Strange, I thought, no one ever speaks of religion. True, some had none, but I knew that a dozen or more had been Catholics in their youth. I pondered this question many times, especially when some fellow extolled the virtues of Communism, but whenever the subject of the Catholic religion came up it was changed quickly. Why?

The day before Easter I asked "Big Dick," a "peat man" (safecracker) and several others I knew to be Catholics, if they would attend Mass with me the next day. I received cold stares, a sneer; one laughed.

"What's the idea, Pat, gettin' soft? Mass—say, that's a laugh. What good'll it do you?"

"Get next to yourself!" snarled Dick, "why the Cath—!"

My fist exploded against Dick's jaw. I felt my left give when it struck his big mouth. Before I knew it two strong arms wrapped around me. I could smell and taste blood which, dripping from Dick's bruised mouth, had smeared my lips. I felt the sharp biting sting of a knife blade in my back. Tiny spots of black danced before my eyes and—as I slowly regained consciousness I made out the ring of guard uniforms which surrounded my bed in the Prison Hospital. I saw the prison doctor's white operating-room clothes, felt him raise my heavy eyelids, heard him say: "He's coming to, gentlemen. I must insist on just a question or two. He's lost lots of blood."

"Who cut you, Pat?" a voice miles away asked.

"I don't know . . ." I whispered. I had no intention of telling what I knew.

"DOC says you're going to die. Tell us so we can even the score with the rat that done it."

"I told you I don't know. Let me alone." The picture mercifully faded out for me there.

Doctor gave me a transfusion that night. Big Dick furnished the blood and my friends kept me well supplied with chocolate, tobacco and other luxuries during my long convalescence.

After my discharge from the hospital I went back with the old gang.

My stock had gone up considerably. I had stood up under fire, and in some respects was a hero. But for me . . . well, they were different.

I had done much thinking during my long stay in the hospital. The old gang had lost their glamor—they were not, couldn't ever be, the same.

UPON COMING into prison men seek their level . . . often to reach a lower one. If in the past I had been criticizing others in my mind, for this reaction to a situation, it had served to make me see I was no different, hanging around with men known to be the toughest, most desperate in the institution. I realized that being one of them classified me as of their calibre. In my self-analysis I could find no justification for being in prison, knew in my heart I was not all bad. And yet, while I did not understand their embittered philosophy, nor the psychology of their actions, who was I to criticize them in any way for . . . "Let him who is without sin . . ."

I knew I must change myself!

While my days passed in orderly parade, my nights were nightmares, filled to saturation with haunting memories. My mind flew, like magic, to the consideration of each ill deed committed since my last confession several years before. Twice the good Parish Father had given me Extreme Unction, my life being despaired of, but I had recovered in spite of the doctor's prediction that I would die. It had not occurred to me then to thank God for saving my life, but now, the realization of the depth of my debt to Him tortured me. I had failed him. A voice inside hammered: "What will you do about it?"

"I am in prison, I can do nothing here," I complained. But before me came the picture of that long arduous way which Christ had traveled; His hours of sufferings in the Garden of Gethsemane; His renewal of strength through prayer to His Heavenly Father. A rush of shame surged through me because of my weaknesses. Suddenly the incident of the gang's refusal to accompany me to Mass flashed before me. I clearly saw my chance to repay Him in some slight measure. Kneeling I prayed.

Sunday I stopped the gang and told them I wasn't going to breakfast.

"Why not . . .?" they asked in surprise . . . "are you sick, Pat?"

"Because I have fasted since midnight and I'm going to Confession; and, if the good Father will permit me, to Holy Communion."

"Going to Confess . . .?" Big Dick looked at me strangely. . . . "O. K., Pat." . . . and the gang went on.

I poured out my sinful heart in Confession; my penance was a joy. I seemed to be filled with an indefatigable strength and happiness after partaking of Holy Communion. I felt reborn.

Mass over, I hurried to my friends to tell them of my happiness. They listened to me with scepticism plain on their faces, but I didn't mind.

Although my waking hours were beset with continual reminders of a former injury to my spine, forgetting self, I strove to copy the life pattern of St. John Berchmans. I purposed to suffer patiently the defects of my companions; to judge no one; think well of all; feel for others; be glad when others succeeded; to make excuses for my fellow-prisoners in my own mind and before others and to speak only good and kind words to all. From the moment of awakening to my firm purpose I kept fanning the flame of my fervor by short prayers and ejaculations.

I was mocked, and seemingly despsed, by my own kind, particularly Big Dick. I had many fist fights.

ONE DAY, after a bitter battle with another prisoner during which I received a split lip, I was called to the Captain's Office, surmising that I was due for my first "trip to the hole." Right then I realized the futility of physical combat, and made up my mind that from then on I would quench my hot temper.

I was met by the Catholic Chaplain instead of the Captain.

Instead of the reprimand I expected, Father smiled at my effort to hide my bleeding lip and said, "How would you like to be my secretary, Patrick?"

I gulped, "Well . . . well . . . fine, Father." I was too choked up for further speech. A chance to work in earnest for my fellow prisoners. That night I thanked Him and the Blessed Virgin for their guidance.

The next day hundreds of the men congratulated me. Big Dick and several of the others of the gang congratulated me, but there were some who begrudged my good fortune.

"Yeah! . . . had ta blow smoke with the Captain, I betcha—" sneered one. With a terrific blow to the jaw Big Dick dropped him, turned, and was lost in the crowd.

Inspired by this recognition to give my time and attention to the work of the Church, I sought the manner in which my work would be most effective and bring the greatest benefits to the men.

My records proved that ninety per cent of the men confined in prison had neither religious training nor any functional religious faith. Were

prisons overcrowded largely because much of humanity lacks religious restraint? *Was there a solution to this problem?*

Religion penetrates the very essence of our being, grips the conscience, restrains our impulses, calms the rebellious heart and acts as a guide. The law casts men into prisons as punishment for their transgressions, but fear of punishment serves not. Do not men come back six—seven—eight times? Surely this argues against the knowledge of, and the belief in, a Divine guidance. *Did not religion, then, solve this problem?*

Several months of feverish work passed rapidly. Most obstacles were overcome with the aid of my good friend, the Chaplain. With his sanction I began a catechism class for converts. In ten days the class numbered twenty. After the first month, Father took over the classes as they had been prepared for the more difficult phases of the faith.

Many Mexican Catholics attended Protestant services because they were given in the Spanish tongue. In a discussion with the good Father about this problem I told him about the wonderful success of Missions being given in the South by a Passionist Father, of whom I had been reading. Shortly after our discussion my nerves snapped and I entered the hospital for a complete rest and relaxation.

Two months later Father told me he had arranged to have a Passionist priest hold a Mission in our Chapel during Holy Week.

Still in the hospital on the Monday when Father Caspar, the Passionist priest, was to arrive, I had sent word to a Catholic friend to advertise the fact of his coming and personally see that the Mexican and Italian Catholic boys came to Chapel. I believed everything all right until our Chaplain and Father Caspar came into the hospital to see me.

NOT MANY came today. Patrick; we hoped for a better attendance," the Chaplain told me. "Father Caspar will be here all week. I am sorry you are not able to help him. How long do you expect to be here?"

"I don't know, Father," I replied, being evasive while my mind revolved furiously with a dozen schemes to get out. "I hope the Doctor will discharge me in the morning."

My efforts next day to persuade the Doctor to release me were in vain until I threatened to leave without his permission.

"Nurse," he snapped, "release this man at once. Remember this incident when you are ill again, young man."

"Now look here, old man. . . ." I

Gloria in Excelsis Christmas 1938

By LEONARD TWYNHAM

From belfries of a million towers,
Where brazen throats
Ring clanging notes,
Is heard again, these dismal hours,
The angels' song
Pronounced and strong—
Peace: "Peace on earth, good-will to men."

Above a million anxious homes
The carol's sound
Is brashly drowned
By thunderous booms and deafening drones,
Where justice fails
And might prevails—
War: War on earth, ill-will again!

Yet souls that guard a lonely hill,
Who watch calm flocks
By sheltering rocks,
Can hear a hovering chorus still,
A rune-ful chime
That peals the rime—
Peace: If there is no peace with sin!

was talking with all my powers of persuasion to Big Dick the next morning. . . . "You've known me for a long time; you know I'm O. K. You know that I'm on the square, that I'm sincere about my religion. This Mission will only last a week and I know if you just pass the word along the gang will back up any play you make. For my sake, Dick, I want you to come a time or two. Help me put this thing over."

I could see that he was puzzled about how to take me.

"I've got to save my face in front of this young Missionary, Dick; it means a great deal to me. You know, old man, I really had you figured as my friend. Well—I guess we all make bum guesses now and then—" I started to turn away.

Big Dick's huge hand caught my shoulder roughly, spinning me around.

"Listen to me, guy. I wouldn't do this for my own brother, see, only I figure you're really on the up and up, and I'm gonna go for the play even if we all get the 'Bronx.'"

"Swell, Dick, that's fine!" I told him, feeling as if a miracle had been performed before my eyes. . . . "And if there are any 'Bronx Cheers' to handle you can count me in."

Over the loud-speakers at the noon meal went the announcement that all Catholics were invited to attend Chapel.

Taking my stand at the head of the line after lunch, and with some trepidation, I watched the sea of faces that seemed to swim by me. Fear assailed me. Had Big Dick talked about it to some of the Gang before dinner? . . . Would he throw me down after promising? Somehow it seemed of vast importance to me that Big Dick attend that meeting; to accomplish this feat, which had seemed such a forlorn hope, meant more to me than my freedom at that moment. I could not stand the suspense longer. My eyes sought Dick. At first there was no sight of him, but wait! God be merciful! There was Dick, and not alone, for behind him were the whole Gang—Protestant, Atheist and Catholic alike, on their way to the Chapel.

Eagerly I awaited the saintly face of Father Caspar who was coming up the walk, his visage wreathed in a welcoming smile. After an exchange of greeting I led him to the bench in front of the Captain's Office. Rapidly pouring out to him the history of my many encounters with the Gang, and relating the apparent hardness

of these men, their indifference to all religion, I begged him to help me by especially speaking for their benefit. I felt that once the outer shell of these men was penetrated by the poignant personality of that sincere, devout character, it might open the way to a realization of my promised mission, the conversion of the Gang.

Father Caspar was nearly overcome with emotion to find the Chapel filled to capacity.

"You have shown me your mettle, Patrick. May God bless you."

FATHER CAME before his audience in his black robes, a Crucifix thrust into his leather girdle. Spanish and English hymn cards were passed out and he asked that all join him in singing, first an English hymn, then one in Spanish. The organ accompanied as Father led the first effort with his rich, deep baritone voice. All were invited to sing with him. Swelling in volume with each song, the Chapel soon echoed to the rafters.

The hymns over, Father turned and looked into the sea of faces before him. His face reflected the spiritual light of the Holy Ghost that, two thousand years ago, God The Father instilled into the hearts and souls of His original Apostles, and sends down upon His Apostles today.

Turning on the full power of his personality he told us:

"I can understand your problems, your sufferings and your misfortunes. I, myself, am only a convert to the Faith. I was born and raised south of the 'Slot' in San Francisco; I understand and speak the 'Hoodlum' language, for, as a kid, I fought with and was one of them for years."

There was an earnest, penetrating appeal in Father's voice that pierced the very soul and, as my eyes sought and found Big Dick's face where he sat in the Chapel, I was astounded at the mixture of emotions in his expression; the uncertainty, the half disbelief and incredulity, mingled with a most distinct look of surprised attention, as if he felt his ears deceived him, but yet wanted to believe this most appealing person.

Purposely, for the next few days, I avoided Big Dick, but each day he came to the Chapel with the Gang. I knew, after that first day, from the expressions on the various faces, that something had touched the hearts of these men, for they had lost their cocksureness and questioning uncertainty.

Each day new men squeezed inside the Chapel, and they too were held spell-bound by Father Caspar's fiery truths. By Good Friday everyone knew the hymns which were being

sung. It was a joy to listen to that host of men uniting their voices, sending praises on high in the Name of the Lord, Jesus Christ.

On Good Friday, the last talk which Father had planned for his Mission over, he explained that confessions would be held on Saturday, and outlined for them the meaning of Holy Communion. He offered his assistance to those who had never been baptised and invited all Catholics who had never taken Communion to make their First Communion. In conclusion guards and prisoners alike bent their knees in reverence to the Host of Hosts.

I was the proud godfather of many converts that day.

On Holy Saturday Father Caspar came early. Men sought information about making a good confession who had not been in Church for many, many years. Some came with hanging heads, others with determination and pride. I gave assistance here and there, advising, sorting and helping them with their problems.

"Pat . . ." a familiar voice called, as I moved rapidly here and there, "Pat! . . . just a minute, willya," . . . and turning I faced Big Dick, beside him the Frisco Kid.

"Why Dick—" I said, "gosh it sure was swell of you guys to come every day. I haven't had a minute to look you up, but—" the drawn, haggard look on the faces of those two stopped me.

"Well, Pat—" it was the Frisco Kid—"we're hooked, Dick an' me wanna make a Easter Duty, but Cripes!—well, I ain't ever made one so how'm I gonna do it?"

"I haven't been to Confession for twenty years, Pat; I forgot how to say my prayers and how ya' confess . . . I gotta' have help, Pat—" I could see what it was costing Big Dick to swallow his false pride and drop his "tough-guy" mask.

"Hell! I'm in the same boat as the others, Pat, how's about ringin' me in on it too?" asked another.

STUNNED, I signalled them to follow me to a little interview room. Instead of the three or four men I expected, fifteen members of the gang piled into that room, following Big Dick and the Frisco Kid.

I patiently explained the rudiments of confession to them, instructing them in the simplicity of making a first confession. Two of them weakened in their resolve to go to confession and upon declaring their intention not to go started to edge outside.

"Listen you guys—" Big Dick piped up—"yo' told God you was gonna go, didn't ya? Whatta' ya' gonna' do,

welsh out on a Guy like Him?" Under the withering glance of Big Dick the two, looking shamefaced, eased back.

I finally got them one by one into the confessional, too happy to speak, too choked up to cry.

That glorious Easter Morning the first High Mass in the history of our institution was celebrated by Father Caspar, who gave Holy Communion to almost two hundred communicants.

Sitting again with Father Caspar, on the bench by the Captain's Office, my last few moments with him were sad ones. During the few short hours of our association his outstanding personality and goodness had touched a deeply responsive chord in my being, and his charm had entirely captivated me. My mind was dulled at thoughts of never again seeing this inspiring young priest. In my reverie I had not noticed the approach of our Chaplain and the Captain as they returned from Mass downtown.

"WELL, PATRICK—" the Chaplain's voice recalled me from my thoughts, "Father Caspar told me of the success of your plans and the great victory you accomplished for the Church. You have done a great work, my boy. The Captain said he would like to see you in his office, Father Caspar, and—er—he wants to see you, too, Pat, so go along now; I shall see you both later."

I followed Father Caspar through the door into the Captain's private sanctum.

"Father Caspar and the Chaplain have told me you have a natural aptitude for this kind of work, Pat. They believe you have exchanged your old ideas about living and have learned the true value of prayer. Is that straight, Pat?" As I nodded my head affirmatively he continued: "Father also tells me that he could find employment for you along similar lines to what you do here."

"Yes? But Captain, I've still got too much time left to be arranging for a job yet," I faltered.

"Sure you have, but man proposes and God disposes, Pat, and at the meeting of the Parole Board last night your case went in on my Easter Calendar. On my recommendation they saw fit to grant you a parole, effective as soon as you have served the minimum of your sentence. I guess you better not keep Father Caspar too long so he can get back and make arrangements for that job."

"Whatever ye ask of Him—"

What did it matter that I had overlooked asking Him about my freedom in my prayers? I had gotten that and a lot more, too.

Yuletide Literature

Not a Fitting or Adequate Anthology But a Gathering of Christmas Blossoms Plucked at Random in Various Fields of English Literature

By CARYL ROBERTS

IN THE grand old days when that most remarkable of men, "Samuel Pickwick, Esquire, founder and president of the Pickwick Club," crying truce to his exhausting labors on the Theory of Tittlebats, rode by coach to Dingley Dell—muffled to the chin but insisting on sitting on top—to enjoy the hospitality of his friend Squire Wardle by eating prodigiously at his ample board and quaffing mighty drafts of heady wassail, the observance of Christmas as a season of bolsterous revelry and misrule had long been an established and honored custom in England.

Taking its present calendar date as a Christian festival from about the fourth century, it gradually superseded January 6th, the Feast of the Epiphany—the day still observed by the Eastern Church. Like most fixed institutions, however, its alteration into a secular demonstration—mainly of gastronomic importance—had been the slow accretion of centuries. With the advent of the Christmas tree—first employed at Strasbourg in 1605 but only introduced into England from Germany by the Prince Consort in 1840—the era of our debased and commercialized celebration of the Nativity may be said to have definitely arrived. Today the western world, regarding the festival largely in the nature of a mere passing show, tacitly admitting its degeneration into an annual exhibition of industrialized mass-production and commercial competition, refuses nonetheless to forego a make-believe so remotely separated from the true spirit of the holy time.

Around the season of good will—which the Catholic Church has made so peculiarly its own, overlooking indulgently the vestiges of paganism still evident in the sur-



Woodcut by James Reid

There was a gentle hostler
(And blessed be his name);
He opened up the stable
The night Our Lady came.

vival of yule-log, mistletoe, and in a variety of sports and games—has crystallized a wealth of legend, song and story, garnered from practically every corner of the earth.

Of these, the best examples—those that have weathered the battering of the years and show no signs of foundering—have emerged, as it were, from a European melting-pot where, transmuted by or interfused with Christian imagery, they represent the giant collaboration of poet, sage and story-teller, in every tongue and from every clime, west of the Jordan at least.

Popular Teutonic Yuletide songs date from the eleventh century, Carols from the thirteenth. In everything worthwhile that has been sung or written around the Nativity as the years have ticked their passage into eternity since those far-off days,

one senses a distinctive note—an undertone, rather—that mingles the joys and sorrows of weary mankind, its laughter and tears, with the rapture of celestial music. And, just as in the science of sound there are partial tones, unheard but blending with those that strike the ear, so too, in the drab round of every day, in crowded street and market-place, in theatre, factory and church—wherever, in fact, human life pulses out its brief sojourn—this somber undertone of minor timbre, "the sad, still voice," will inevitably continue to supply its quantum of sound in the orchestration of life.

Without going back beyond the Middle Ages—that flowering period of literature and of the Church—one becomes aware of this undercurrent of melancholy in literature. In Chrétien de Troyes, Joinville, Froissart and the host of brilliant writers who laid the foundations of modern French literature; in the *Gesta Romanorum*, bequeathed by priest and monk to Italian letters; in the gems of literary art carved by war-tired Icelandic Vikings, who turned sheep-farmers and cultivated the arts of peace, soon spreading them over the whole of Scandinavia, it had already stirred to life. Wafted across the English Channel, its sound is detected in William Dunbar's quaint *Ode On the Nativity of Christ*, with its recurring refrain: *Et nobis Puer natus est*. It soars to a height of mystical beauty in the fifteenth-century Carol, which, despite its familiarity to most poetry lovers, deserves recall:

I sing of a maid
That is makeless (matchless);
King of all kings
To herself she ches (chose).

He came al so still
To there his mother was,
As dew in April
That falleth on the grass.

He came al so still
To his mother's bour,
As dew in April
That falleth on the flour.

He came al so still
To there his mother lay,
As dew in April
That falleth on the spray.

Mother and maiden
Was never none but she;
Well may such a lady
Goddess mother be.

IN OUR DAY Joyce Kilmer has developed the lesson here implicit. His appealing and beautiful poem is worthy of repetition, if only for its direct appeal and the stressing of its moral.

There was a gentle hostler
(And blessed be his name);
He opened up the stable
The night Our Lady came.
Our Lady and St. Joseph
He gave them food and bread
And Jesus Christ has given him
A glory around his head.

So let the gate swing open,
However poor the yard,
Lest weary people visit you
And find the passage
barred.
Unlatch the gate at mid-
night
And let your lantern's glow
Shine out to guide the trav-
ellers' feet
To you across the snow.

Not great poetry, perhaps; but the teaching of Christ—charity and the brotherhood of man—is there. And what more can any man desire than "a glory around his head?"

Discovering England for America in the early years of the Republic—a couple of decades before Dickens appropriated the country to himself, re-peopling it after his own design—Washington Irving outlines with copious details, in an imaginary Bracebridge Hall, a typical Yuletide of latter Georgian days, with its hard-riding and hard-drinking squires and colossal feeding.

Here we recapture all the romance of a vanished day;

the old harper strumming by the great fire in the flagged hall while the leaping flames from the roaring logs send the long shadows racing and hurling into the recesses of the smoke-blackened oaken rafters and the dim corridors beyond; the family (with its inevitable poor relations) gathering around the festive board displaying the ancestral likeness in an assortment of noses and chins; the hard-pressed but dignified butler (his descendants still survive) entering the wainscoted dining-hall with stately tread, his attendant lackeys on each side carrying lighted wax tapers illuminating the enormous pig's head, with a lemon in its mouth and a decoration of rosemary, which he carries with a great show of pomp on a huge silver platter.

This substantial basis of a forthright feast having been placed on the table with due ceremonial, the harper strikes up with a flourish, and at a hint from the squire his son and heir—a noble scion and an Oxonian to boot—gives out in lusty tones and with an air of mock gravity the old and appropriate dining room Carol:

The Boar's head in hand bring I,
With garlands gay and rosemary;
I pray you all sing merrily,
Qui estis in convivio.



Randolph Caldecott in Washington Irving's "Old Christmas"

The Boar's head in hand bring I,
With garlands gay and rosemary;
I pray you all sing merrily,
Qui estis in convivio.

In Dickens—that genius whose fertile imagination hovered continuously around the central interests of the human heart—we meet the hierophant supreme of the Yuletide ritual of the hearth. Whether wallowing in the heart-breaking pathos of human wretchedness or plunging headlong into a sea of carefree gaiety, he is equally at home. Thus has he become for posterity at once the symbol and the interpreter of the ideal English Yule of Mid-Victorian days. Holding the balance in a steady hand, he drops in the scales equal measures in the affair, for instance, of Jacob Marley's ghost and the three spirits of Christmas—Past, Present and To Come—who jointly regenerate the despicable old skinflint, converting him into a worthy philanthropist. Who that has read the tale can ever forget the clanking of the ghostly chains, made of old cashboxes and padlocks, as the apparition thumps heavily up the stairs from the wine-cellar below, the buttons at the back of its coat visible from the front.

BUT Dickens stands alone in the lore of Christmas, and the cause of his greatness is not far to seek. The millions of words that have been written in his praise might readily be condensed into four: *He touches our hearts.* And Christmas is, or ought to be, pre-eminently the time when the human heart responds most readily to the touch of human fellowship.

Glimpsed chiefly through the eyes of little Rawdon Crawley, Thackeray shows us, in *Vanity Fair*, another typical Yuletide—at Queen's Crawley, this time. And a homely picture, too. One day there is a rat-hunting in the barn which the youngster finds a thrilling sport. Then there is the meet of Sir Huddleston Fuddlestone's hounds on the lawn at Queen's Crawley, a famous sight for any lad.

"At half past ten Tom Moody, the huntsman, was seen trotting up the avenue, followed by the noble pack of hounds in a compact body, the rear being brought up by the two whips clad in stained scarlet frocks—light, hard-featured lads on well-bred lean horses, possessing marvelous dexterity in casting the points of their long, heavy whips at the thin-

nest part of any dog's skin who dares struggle from the main body, or takes the slightest notice or even so much as winks at the hares and rabbits starting under their noses."

Since fox-hunting writers have had so little to say on the subject of Christmas sports, this tribute from a mere outsider is all the more welcome, breathing as it does a fine air of the outdoors unusual in Yuletide settings.

In Christina Rossetti, however, while the outside atmosphere is retained, the plaintive note is resumed once more:

In the bleak midwinter
Frosty wind made moan;
Earth stood hard as iron,
Water like a stone.
Snow had fallen,
Snow on snow, snow on snow,
In the bleak midwinter
Long ago.

PROFOUNDLY affected by the defeat of his country in the Franco-Prussian War, and believing that the calamity was largely due to the prevailing mood created by the leaders of the romantic movement in French literature, François Coppée, choosing his characters from the lower middle classes who had been the target for ridicule by his predecessors, filled with pity for the unfortunate, finding the true source of consolation in religion, but with eyes as keen as any modern "sur-realist," portrays in one little gem, one out of dozens equally fine for their consummate art—*The Gold Coin*—a feeling for the broken waifs of civilization at Christmastide, giving it a dramatic expression in which once again the same poignant note mingles with the theme.

It is a far cry from the unknown artist of the beautiful old English *Carol* quoted above to the brilliant Corkman, D. L. Kelliher, a poet of exquisite delicacy, charm and sparkling wit, famous as the author of the "Glamour" books on Ireland. Yet here again, across the gulf of time, the searching, nostalgic note is uppermost, reaching a height rarely attained in Anglo-Irish verse, with the Nativity for the subject, in his lovely *Five Lesser Joys of Mary*, which, because of its sheer magic, I cannot refrain from quoting in full:

When Mary lay fretting that night
In the cold
For Jesus, the young Lad, and Joseph
The old,
The ass and the oxen drew near for
to warm
The young Lad and old man to keep
them from harm.

When Mary lay thinking that night
in the hay
What little thing she would give
Jesus for play,
His Father in Heaven hung out for
a toy
The star, and young Jesus He carolled
for joy.

When Mary was sad for the Babe at
her breast,
To see the poor clouts in which He
was dressed,
Then the three kings in velvet came
in to adore
The poor ragged Infant and knelt
on the floor.

When Mary was sick in her heart
with the fright
On the morning that Jesus strayed
out from her sight,
O Glory! she found Him so meek and
so mild
Confounding the doctors, the poor
little Child.

When Mary, heartbroken on Cal-
vary's Hill,
Saw Jesus droop over and lie very
still,
She thought of the good times they
had long ago
When He'd droop in her arms and
she'd sing husheen-lo.

HERE, indeed, is the Celtic mixture of imagination and emotion—the perfect blend. One word alone adequately expresses the feeling it invokes—enchantment.

The late W. J. Locke, brilliant exponent of the lighter romantic novel in English, has proved in one short Christmas tale that even in an age of growing scepticism a vanishing faith could still be recalled in time of desperate need. Three modern wise men on their way to a Christmas party, snowbound by a broken motor axle in the middle of a desolate moor on a bitter cold night, struggle through drifts to a ramshackle hut to find a man, a broken bottle-neck clutched in his hand, frozen to death outside. Inside is heard the wailing of a woman in childbirth.

The woman dies, but the child is born. "Like any midwife crone," says Locke, "they dried the child and laid it in a bed of their fur coats before the fire that they had made."

They hear an uncanny sound . . . like the beating of wings it seems. One looks at his watch. It is twelve o'clock—midnight. Again that whirring of wings. "McCurdle, with uplifted head, gazed over the heads of the others: 'Unto us a child is born; unto us a son is given.' The babe cried and stretched its tiny limbs.

Instinctively they all knelt down to discover and ignorantly administer to its wants. The scene had the appearance of an Adoration."

In the pages of *THE SIGN* a few years ago appeared the beautiful lines of Theodore Maynard:

Forty centuries have waited;
Now your mother sees,
With their longing kings and prophets,
Shepherds on their knees—
Shepherds where an hour before
Knelt the cattle to adore.

Fall my tears upon your smiling,
Though the happy earth
Even now is blessed and ransomed
By my baby's birth.
Lullaby in quiet rest:
Puer mihi natus est.

THUS, like a golden thread, encompassing Christian souls in a ring of common worship and veneration around the Holy Child, runs the theme of the day of days in our literature; mingling in its carillon of praise that note of human sadness, that sense of "something far more deeply interfused," which is but another name for our passionate yearning for the face of God.

And so it will inevitably run, in ever-widening circles, long after that natural child of calamity, Marxian Communism and its false metaphysics of a godless state, has subsided forever into the waters of oblivion, long after the nightmare of anarchy in tortured, blood-drained Red Spain has been superseded by a *Vita Nuova* of renewed faith and reason.

But, as a fitting anthology would dwarf the dimensions of a modern dictionary, I must be content with this scant gathering of Christmas blossoms, plucked at random while roaming in reverie over many fields. And no better binding can be found to fasten my little nosegay than a strand of that same thread which once, in the hands of Milton—that master craftsman of the sublime in poetry—vibrated with the sonorous resonance of a golden harpstring in his glorious *Hymn on the morning of Christ's Nativity*:

But see the Virgin blest
Hath laid her Babe to rest.
Time is our tedious song should
have an ending.
Heaven's youngest teemed Star
Hath fixt her polished Car,
Her sleeping Lord with Handmaid
Lamp attending.
And all about the Courtly stable,
Bright harnest Angels sit in order
serviceable.

The Christ of the Poor

The Catholic Sociologist Has a Tremendous Contribution to Make to His Science in Bringing Christ Into His Rightful Place in the Field of Social Work

By DAVID HENNESSEY

WHEN Christ came into this world one winter's night, some nineteen hundred years ago, men danced and sang and grew groggy over their cups in Bethlehem's inn. The Babe's mother and foster father, an ox and an ass, a few sheep and a few shepherds were the only attendants on the tiny King who held court in a stable. When Christ died one afternoon in spring, some nineteen hundred years ago, men made merry over a crucifixion well done. The dying Man's mother, His friend called John, and a few weeping women were the only attendants on the King who died on the cross.

Nineteen hundred years have passed. Today the merry-makers of Bethlehem, and those who wagged their heads on Calvary, have, by some sort of diabolical fecundity, a progeny so numerous as to make of the whole world an inn with no room for Christ, to make of the whole world a Calvary for the doing to death of Christ. And the crucifiers are not confined to the goose-stepping ranks marching down through Central Europe, nor to those who, under the hammer and sickle, are striving to grasp the peoples of the world in the clenched fist. The Son of God, the Divine Teacher Who became man to teach, is ignored and eliminated in the social problems of His own creatures.

In our day and land the problem is society. Consequently, in degree of popularity and need, the science of our day is social science.

Now of its very nature social science treats of man's relations with his fellow men in the temporal order. Perhaps it is because the temporal order is solely the matter of concern, and religion is primarily concerned with the eternal order, that social scientists seem so totally unaware that the guiding norms of their science and its application must be the eternally true norms of value which God became Man to teach.

Despite the noble efforts of certain of the Catholic laity, clergy and colleges in the social field, the fact of the matter is that sociology, using the term in its broadest sense, is secular-minded. Comte, Spencer,

Durkheim, Giddings, Hobhouse, Geddes, a list that might be extended to a litany, all are searchingly studied in their theory and method. Christ is left out. Not just the principles of Christ, but Christ the Person, Who went about doing good. Christ the Son of God, Who took to Himself six feet of human smallness, and Who thought it not at all belittling to His divinity to eat and drink and laugh and weep with His fellow men. Christ the Man-God, Who hesitated not to know pain and one sleepless night of agony unto blood; to do the galling work of shouldering a cross until it came time for Him to lie on it and slowly die. Not for Himself, but for other men.

Social science without Christ is a problem and a challenge to every Catholic. In his letter to the hierarchy of the United States on the Golden Jubilee of the Catholic University of America, our Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, struck this very theme. Of all the departments of graduate endeavor, His Holiness singled out social science as the field demanding concentrated attention:

"Since the sciences of civics, sociology and economics deal with individual and collective human welfare, they cannot escape from the philosophical and religious implications of man's origin, nature and destiny. If they ignore God, they can never hope to understand adequately the creature which He formed in His own image and likeness, and whom He sent His own Divine Son to redeem. . . .

"**T**HE world has entered upon one of those periods of unrest, of questioning, of disorientation and of conflict which have been described as turning points of history. Christian doctrine and Christian morality are under attack from several quarters; dangerous theories which a few years ago were but whispered in the secret conventicles of discontent are today preached from the housetops, and are even finding their way into action; private immorality and public subversion have in many places raised the banner of revolt against

the cross of Christ. . . . Because of the exigencies of the present age, give special attention to the sciences of civics, sociology and economics. Christian teaching alone, in its majestic integrity, can give full meaning and compelling motive to the demand for human rights and liberties, because it alone gives worth and dignity to human personality."

THE REASON there is a relationship between Christ and social science arises from the very purpose of the Incarnation and the purpose of social science, from the nature of the social problems and from the nature and destiny of the members of society. The purpose of sociology, using the term as coextensive with social science, is to achieve the happiness of the individual amid the complexities of civilized intercourse. Problems of marital adjustment and family preservation, of juvenile delinquency and criminal tendencies, of men on relief and economic betterment, of occupational rights and social legislation, all form but a small portion of the field of social science.

It is evident that in working out these problems to the true advantage of the individuals of which society is made, there must be true principles on which the sociologist can base his work. And these principles must be derived from the nature and end of man. If he bases his work on materialistic principles, then he can never attain the purpose of his science. For the happiness of man can never be procured by the mere giving to him of the necessities or even the luxuries of his body alone. For the complete well-being of a man is a matter of body and soul. By estrangement from Christ sociology befuddles the spiritual nature of man and renders itself incompetent to give that well-being it was intended to convey.

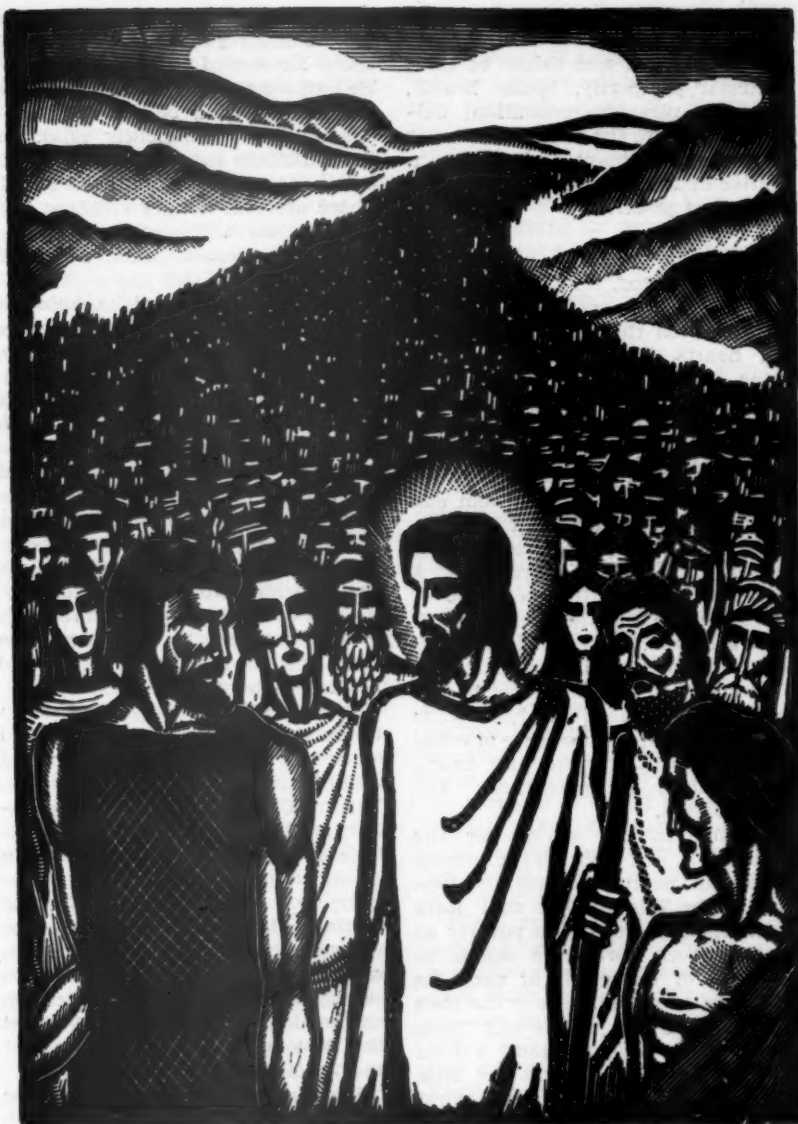
Now Christ died for this very thing—the complete well-being of man. And so: "In consequence of his conception of the nature and gifts of man, the Catholic is necessarily the champion of true human rights and the defender of true human liberties;

It is in the name of God Himself that he cries out against any civic philosophy which would degrade man to the position of a soulless pawn in a sordid game of power and prestige, or would seek to banish him from membership in the human family; it is in the same Holy Name that he opposes any social philosophy which would regard man as a mere chattel in commercial competition for profit, or would set him at the throat of his fellows in a blind, brutish class struggle for existence." (Pius XI, *Ibid.*)

By ignoring its relation of dependence on Christ, social science can accomplish no real, lasting good. For lacking the spirit that is Christ's, sociology becomes an adjunct of humanitarianism which ignores God and the spiritual nature of man. It holds up human welfare as the only goal of our efforts and the fundamental norm of our conduct—human welfare in the incomplete sense of the humanitarian concept of man as lacking a soul. It proposes that we love our fellow men and seek to benefit him for his own sake, or for the sake of the community, or of the race, for any reason at all other than love of God and love of the mystical members of Christ.

THERE IS a distinction between Christian charity, which seeks to alleviate men's material wants from the motive of love of God and of him who is made in the image and likeness of God, and philanthropy, the attempt to alleviate the same material wants from a purely natural motive. The reward of such social work is, in the case of the professional worker, merely a pay envelope; or in the case of the dilettante, the gratitude of men and the rousing applause that comes from the grandstand of his own mind.

In its simplest terms the social question is man's quest for happiness. There would be no social question if man were happy. Now the dependence of sociology on Christ is brought out most forcibly when we consider the purpose of the Incarnation. On that first Christmas night when the Lord of the universe came into the world clothed in human flesh, the reason for His birth was sung by angelic hosts. His coming was a good tidings of great joy that was to be for all people. His purpose was to give glory to God in the highest, and something more, something social scientists never associate with Christ's mission; peace on earth to men of good will. The real purpose of the Incarnation of Christ was to restore God's plan which had been marred by men.



Christ Leading the Multitude

WOODCUT BY JAMES REID

The essence of that plan is that men should be free from sin and give glory to God. But a consequence is that men should have peace of heart here on earth. Temporal happiness flows directly from man's right mental and volitional attitude toward God. And if man does not have this moral rectitude of soul, he can never know peace of heart, no matter how much in the line of recreational facilities, or rent, or food, or clinical attention his local welfare bureau can afford him. If social science is to attain its purpose of temporal happiness for mankind, then it must learn of Christ Who taught of what temporal welfare consists, and how the hierarchy of ends is to be balanced, body subordinate to soul, temporal happiness subordinate to knowledge and love

of God, and consequently, sociology subordinate to Christ.

But the term happiness is an elusive thing. And still more confused is man's concept of what brings happiness. Because secular sociologists have made the satisfying of the temporal needs of the social body an end paramount in itself and divorced from any relationship to a higher end, they have made a fundamental error. For they have mistaken the very thing they are working for. Happiness is the satisfaction of desire; not of any and every desire, but rather of that dominant and specific tendency that urges a man to go out to whatever leads to truth without limit and to good without limit, which is God. Since to many humanitarians there is no such thing as God or soul, there can be no de-

sire for God nor any spiritual aspirations. All that is left is desire for things of earth and things of time. Material prosperity, bodily health, sensuous pleasure, education, culture, honor are the things that bring happiness. Happiness becomes a matter of boots and bread, of popularity and power.

CHRIST had infinite wisdom, for He was God. He alone knew the secret of happiness, for He it was who planted the happiness-urge in our hearts. Yet He taught something quite different. Happiness comes from within. And until man realizes this fact he is subscribing to a perpetual and futile quest. A man is happy in spite of his environment, not because of it. A man can laugh from sunrise to starlight, literally make life a song, and still be forced to stand in a breadline. A man can whistle the jauntiest of tunes, and carry the somberest of bank accounts. It's really the attitude of hearts to the things of earth we haven't got that constitutes happiness. For happiness, like holiness, is quite subjective, in the sense of being an affair of the mind and heart, rather than of pocketbook and bread basket.

Nothing in the world, nor the world itself, can quite fill the human mind and heart. It takes the bigness of the Trinity to do that. Rare is the man so wedded to poverty as to have been born in a stable, so destitute of the goods of earth as to have died naked. Rare is the man who can say that he literally "hath not where to lay his head." Yet on that first Christmas night the little Son of God came into this world dependent on charity. The stable was His breadline; wise men and shepherds were the social workers dispensing gifts of charity. And on the first Good Friday the Son of God died, still dependent on charity, even to being buried in another man's tomb.

Yet Christ is the Exemplar of happiness. And the secret of it all was His sinlessness, the absolute conformity of His mind and heart to the mind and will of His Father. In His preaching He laid down the principles on which pure sociology must build if it would point the way to temporal happiness. By His example He blazed the trail for applied sociology in spreading happiness on earth. Yet because of their basic error in the nature of happiness, Christ's teaching has an alien sound to the ears of secular social scientists. To our modern social reconstructionists Christ is a defeatist.

Yet Christ was not a defeatist. The most cursory glance at His method shows He carried no brief for misery. He had compassion on the multitude. And His method of showing compassion is still eminently valid, for the multitude today is not so different from the Judean multitude of old. There are still hungry children and hungry hearts. There are still occupational diseases and shameful vices. There are still the social cancers of envy and greed, exploitation and class injustice. And there is still poverty. Not Christlike poverty. Not the gay Lady Poverty of St. Francis. For poverty is no longer a lady, nor a thing for gaiety, but a harlot who reigns besmirched. Men—happiness-seekers all—today need the wisdom of Christ. Welfare workers and those on relief need Christ and His sense of values. To the millions of the jobless, the healthless, the hopeless, the wide world over, the call of Christ rings down through the ages, "Come to Me all ye who labor and are heavily burdened, and I will refresh you."

It takes sheer bravery to set forth the relativity of values temporal and eternal in the teeth of just such a suffering, would-be-happy multitude. Yet this Christ did at the very beginning of His public life. This multitude had followed Him up into a mount. All the various classes of society were present. As Christ spoke to them He laid His fingers on the wounds of those before Him, men who added up to make a wounded society. Can anyone read the Sermon on the Mount and not learn of Christ the Sociologist as well as of Christ the Theologian?

For the sake of social theorists be it noted that Christ did not preach to economic unfortunates a pandering doctrine of equalization of wealth or on the prevalence of political injustice. He said, "Blessed are the poor." Not that He condoned injustice, not that He enjoyed seeing His people ill-housed, ill-clothed, ill-fed. Incarnate Wisdom was teaching the secret of happiness, of temporal blessedness. To tell a man he is being grossly wronged, to encourage class resentment under pretext of right, would not make the injured man any happier. But to tell a man how to feel no resentment, but rather forgiveness, is to fill that man's soul with a God-like calm.

AND so to men living under wretched conditions in Jerusalem slums Christ did not preach social injustice. He said, "Seek not what you shall eat, or what you shall drink . . . For all these things do

the nations of the world seek. But your Father knoweth that you have need of these things. Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His justice, and all these things shall be added to you." To dine and to wine is not the touchstone of contentment. Christ's stress is on the disposition of mind and heart toward God and fellow men.

And to the shepherds before Him, men who had a fairly desperate time to make ends meet, Jesus said: "Consider the birds of the air, they sow not neither do they reap. . . . And God feedeth them. How much more valuable are you than they? . . . And the lilies of the field, how they grow. They labor not, neither do they spin. But I say to you not even Solomon in all his glory was clothed like one of these. Now if God clothes in this manner the grass that is today in the field, and tomorrow is cast in the oven, how much more you, O ye of little faith." To preach such a doctrine takes the courage that can come from truth alone.

For the sake of the social worker, be it noted that the reason why this teaching sounds so alien is because of the modern emphasis on the material goods of life. It was on this teaching that Christ based His commandment to love one another.

IN UNDERLINING things of heart and mind Christ was not condemning bodily essentials. When one thing is stressed there is always the tendency to belittle the unstressed. Christ was correlating in their proper subordination the accidental means to happiness and the essence of happiness itself. When Christ walked the earth He said, "I am the way, the truth and the life." And Christ's way led to happiness and Heaven without any of the modern schemes—political or economic or sociological—which emphasize the goods of earth.

Either Christ is right or the moderns. Yet Christ did not hesitate to say, "I am the truth." Now the truth of Christ was not some superhuman idealism. The truth of Christ was not an ignoring act of the conditions of His time. He was not so bent on capturing men's souls that He felt no sympathy for the clay that goes into the making of a human. Christ fed the hungry. He cured the sick. He mingled with publicans and social outcasts, and left them better men for having known Him. When all others had gone away, Christ alone was left to console and advise the woman taken in adultery, and save her as He did others from the career of a prostitute. Christ went about

doing the corporal as well as the spiritual works of mercy. And we have His word for it that "the disciple is not above the master."

None of us, be we social workers or not, can have part with Him unless we do in like manner. For Christ also said: "Come, follow Me." No one can point to Him and say He was an impractical Dreamer of impractical dreams. He went below the surface sores of society; He went to the human heart itself. He was so practical that He made men happy even before their slums were cleared or their bodies healed. He was so practical that He made men happy in their unfortunate present. He was not content to postpone giving peace of soul until social service men had collected files of statistics, and professors of social science had formulated elaborate programs.

Christ did not wait until the surface structure of society should be revolutionized. He revolutionized the human heart. And so He said, "I am the life." He taught men how to live a happy life where they were living, with whom they were living, under whom they were living.

But it is the pageant of the Passion that brings home to us with a shock the awful sincerity of God's teaching on the standard of a good society. Three years had passed since Christ had set up this standard. And now another group follows Him up into another Mount. For three hours, with a cross for rostrum, Christ preaches another sermon. It is a sermon of agonized, concrete practicing of preachment. There are only seven sentences in the sermon, but it is a sermon the more eloquent, the more gripping, for its being the death-sermon of the Nazarene.

It was a Friday afternoon in Spring. All the social élite, all the social misfortunates blended into one audience come out to hear the swan

song of the Prophet Who had gone about doing good. Three years ago on that other mount Christ had said to men of social factions who nursed their discontent, "Blessed are the merciful." Today the first word of His sermon is one of mercy, mercy for those who have miscarried justice in the very courts dedicated to justice, for those who have spit in His face and slashed his flesh with scourges, for those who now are murdering Him for the benefit of society. "Forgive, they know not what they do."

Silently, with the muteness of unutterable pain, He suffers on. Of old He had said, "Blessed are the meek." And now He turns to a chastened criminal and rehabilitates him for citizenship in Paradise. To economic unfortunates He had said, "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after justice," and still He preaches, "I thirst." On the Mount he had said to masters of money, "Lay not up to yourselves treasures on earth." And dying, He now begs of a friend to look out for His own mother. "Be not solicitous saying: what shall we eat or what shall we drink, or where-with shall we be clothed." And now, naked, with parched lips, Christ gives up the ghost.

Christ died that afternoon that all the souls that populate this earth might one day follow Him home. But Christ died that afternoon for another purpose too: that all the souls that dwell on earth might learn the secret He revealed, the secret of happiness here on earth. Christ died for the same reason He was born, to give glory to God, to give peace to man. The society of Heaven depends on society on earth for its members. And disillusioned, disgruntled citizens of this world make doubtful material for troubadours of Paradise. Like Christ every Christian must strive mightily to prepare the soil of tem-

poral happiness if he would plant the seed of eternal flowering. Like Christ, every Christian social worker, who by his very profession has made the corporal works of mercy his career, must follow in his work the standard of values that was Christ's.

The social question is essentially the quest for happiness. How much Christ suffered to prove that happiness is not a commodity measured in dollars and cents, a matter of tile baths and automobiles! Happiness is more; it is the power to laugh, sing, dream, pray.

Social science is definitely secular-minded and secular-guided. The efficiency of its organization and the self-sacrificing zeal of his workers cannot be overestimated. Yet it must necessarily continue to fail in attaining its purpose until it becomes impregnated with the spirit of Christ, until it learns of Christ the structure of the human heart. Pure sociology needs the principles of Christ. Applied sociology needs the inspiration and example of Christ the Person. This is the tremendous contribution every Catholic sociologist has to make to his science: the bringing of Christ to His rightful place in the realm of social theory; the carrying of Christ in social work down into hospital wards and prison cells, through city streets and rural lanes, and even into the very halls of government.

When this is done, then the immense potentialities of sociology as a science of commonweal can blossom forth and fructify and bear maimed man to happiness here on earth, can join hands with religion and bear him to the gates of Heaven itself on the wings of love, one for another. This is the new commandment of the Prince of Charity, who is Christ the Crucified. For this is charity, and charity is baptized social service.

Dewey and Co.

The followers of Dewey do not think of antiquity as a part of this creation. It was something else, something vague, something before Darwin. For like all the pundits of his generation, Dr. Dewey is the exponent of a semi-mystical Darwinism, an unstructured, ill-advised Darwinism that has not changed very much since the year 1900.

H. J. Edwards in "Columbia"

Dates

I heard, the other day, of an Englishwoman in St. Sophia saying she was particularly interested in the Mohammedan influence on a building. When she was told it was built and consecrated some eighty years before Mohammed got into his stride, that what she was looking at was 540 and Islam 620, she said, "Oh, well, if you are going to start talking about dates, I am not interested; you can prove anything by dates."

From "Talking at Random" in "The Tablet"

Co-operatives

The huge, dictatorially controlled and inefficiently run units of mass production will disappear only as the people build small, community-owned and community-controlled units to replace them. Against a Fascist or Communistic doctrine that would wrench away the ownership and control of economic dictators and give it into the hands of political dictators, we must balance a mass movement beginning in the grass roots: an inexorable and powerful movement by the people to take over such control, as they demonstrate their fitness to control and own.

Bertram B. Fowler in "The Lord Helps Those"

Postponement!

A recent issue of the Publisher's Weekly contains a notation that "War in Heaven" has been postponed to September. That's funny. We thought it took place before the Fall. Can it be that a second war in heaven is imminent?

From "The Living Church"



Stalin, Russian Dictator, thanking the people for his election—before the election!

ACME PHOTO

Will America Need A Dictator?

By JOHN F. CRONIN, S.S.

The Facts Prove That the Traditional American Desire for Freedom is Not Enough to Save Liberty. Democracy Must Be Made to Work If We Would Preserve It

THE average American has no liking for the all-powerful totalitarian State. To him it is the direct opposite of every patriotic ideal which he received from his earliest years. He was taught that this is the land of the free. He learned that his nation in its very birth launched a protest against tyranny and intolerance. Born of peoples who fled the persecutor's sword, who died to throw off the relatively mild yoke of English taxation, who tasted the heritage of individualism on the frontier, America was surely meant to be a land of religious and political tolerance.

And America's typical citizen would insist that freemen would once more shed their blood, before submitting to the iron rule of a man of destiny. The drab uniformity of the press would be revolting to his ideals of free speech. The poisoning of the minds of children with lying propaganda would sicken his heart. The populating of concentration camps with priests and ministers would do violence to his principles of free worship of the God of all men.

Truly, no American would accept the yoke of Nazism or the curse of Communism.

The authoritarian State, however, did not spring full grown from the soil beneath. It was not imposed from without by conquest. It sprung from the sons and the daughters of the lands where it has prospered. Millions gave up their freedom, not un-

willingly, even gladly, to accept its rule.

Nor were they deceived because of their ignorance of the blessings of democracy. In Germany, Italy, Spain and Portugal, democracy had been tried. In the opinion of many, it had failed. The omnipotent State was accepted because the free State was weak and helpless. Desperate men sought security at any price. The unemployed grew tired of staring into the drab reaches of empty space. Employers wearied at the sight of idle machines. Serious citizens became thoughtful at the spectacle of anarchic strife between labor and capital, between farm and city.

And all asked for a ruler who would seek first the general welfare and not the special interests of any group.

Fascism and Nazism are direct products of the failure of democracy. In the lands where they grew to power, selfish groups had been fighting bitterly, each for its own advantage, and while they argued and wrangled the nation approached the brink of ruin. Venal politicians hedged and compromised when direct and incisive action was imperative. No one seemed to have the vision to see beyond his own particular interest. Freedom brought license. Equality produced chaos. Naturally, as frequently happens in human affairs, the pendulum swung to the opposite direction. Freedom eventually yielded to authority, and equality surrendered to hierarchy.

A glance at history confirms the thesis which is so often insisted upon by Fascist orators. When Mussolini marched on Rome, he saved his country from anarchy and impotence. Workers had seized factories; discontent was causing continuous strife; yet parliament only talked. With the arrival of the Black Shirts, a new concept of national unity began to prevail.

The result is apparent to those who would see. A new energy and hope has gripped the Italian people. From a group of quarrelling states, they have become a world power. Order and harmony is now the rule in industry. The public works and reclamation projects (ignored in the American press, which seems to prefer to describe the Moscow subway) prove to be a constant spectacle to visitors who knew Italy of old. The farms have almost achieved their goal of self-sufficiency. Unemployment is unknown, and an economic prosperity, consistent with the depressed state of world trade and Italy's lack of natural resources, has been established.

GERMANY was being crushed under the combined weight of world depression and post-war reparations. The unsound nature of her loan-financed prosperity was becoming more and more apparent. The insistent demand of special groups which held positions of power and favor were almost tearing apart

her national fabric. Unemployment figures rose to ominous heights. National pride was humiliated by the crushing demands of Versailles.

So Germany also took the path of national unity. Today she likewise is a world power. Unemployment has been replaced by a labor shortage. A network of superhighways testifies to the results of her work program, while the promise of the Hitler automobile for the common man gives substance to the motto "Vigor through Pleasure."

A similar story can be told of Portugal and Spain. The stresses and strains of democracy were such that powerful movements of dissent and even of revolt were easily fostered. The result follows a similar pattern. We read of Portugal reborn, and of the peace and harmony behind the lines in nationalist Spain.

THE price paid by these nations, in terms of liberty, has been great. In some of these lands, where religious freedom has suffered, it has unquestionably been too great. It is almost impossible to reconcile the principles of the all-inclusive (totalitarian) State with those of the Catholic Church. It is easy to point out the dangers of the all-supreme (authoritarian) State, even where it does stop at the door of the home and at the gates of the Church. Yet it must be acknowledged that definite, concrete problems, and the powerlessness of the liberal democratic State to handle these problems, led to the acceptance of dictatorship in other lands. Men apparently wanted these problems solved at all costs.

Such a mentality, in spite of all our heritage of freedom, may produce similar results in America.

The central problem which must be faced in the United States, if our form of government is to survive, is the question of *unemployment*. Any sizeable depression raises the number of unemployed in the United States to a level of over ten million. It is frequently asserted that even were industrial production raised to the 1929 level, there would still be more than four million unemployed, their jobs taken by machines. Some thinkers even envision a large group of permanently unemployed citizens, living on some form of the dole. These seem to be the facts of the problem.

The tragedy of unemployment is so commonplace that we are likely to overlook its explosive implications. The broad term *jobless* covers many appalling situations. It means the spectre of youth without opportunity, and age without hope. It means the tragedy of broken homes and the

menace of increasing crime. Thousands of young men and women graduate from our schools and colleges into a world which offers them no welcome and little opportunity. Our cities are filled with young men in the early twenties who have never known the discipline of steady work. And at the other end of the scale, there are those whose declining years are embittered by the taste of misery and want. The ominous clouds of fear gather over the heads of those who have passed forty, the modern industrial deadline. Men in many ways in the prime of life, ripe with experience and wisdom, are cast aside before the speed of the onrushing machine.

All of this has its effect on family life. The strain of idleness, of anxiety

towards the alleviation of distress, such as relief and public works, are suitable emergency expedients. They do much to soften the hardships of idleness, and frequently leave lasting monuments in the form of badly needed public works.

But the spectacle of a permanent relief system, on a large scale, is quite a different matter. Such a possibility involves either continued borrowing on the part of the government, or extremely high taxes to finance these recurring expenditures. Constant borrowing, however, would inevitably involve the impairing of government credit and possibly the hazards of inflation. More severe taxation might well mean friction and the possibility of political suicide for the party which attempts it. Fur-



The bedlam that broke loose after Roosevelt's renomination by the Democratic Party lasted for more than an hour. Popular selection of leaders is abhorrent to dictatorships

and positive want is often too great for the ties which bind man and wife, parents and children. Homes are broken up and children deprived of the blessings of parental care. The strain of living in the tense atmosphere of a nervous family drives others out into the streets, often to the beginnings of vice and crime.

These, then, are the explosive possibilities of the term, *unemployment*.

While the evils of unemployment are generally acknowledged, it appears that little agreement can be found concerning the remedies for this situation. The immediate steps

thermore the millions who are condemned to the condition of permanent unemployment or relief work may well be dissatisfied with their lot in a "land of opportunity." The net result would be the perpetuation of a problem which brought the downfall of other democratic states.

The alternative to continued palliatives is a permanent solution of the problem of unemployment. But this is an even more difficult problem. Even if it were limited to the question of displacement of workers by machines, it would still be troublesome. During the earlier years of the

present century the economic system was able to keep pace with the development of new machinery. Many of the new inventions, such as the automobile, created far more jobs than they displaced.

But in recent years the tempo of economic change has been much too rapid for easy adjustment. At the present rate of machine production, it would take a tremendous increase of the national output to restore work to men displaced by the new machines. Difficult adjustments in price policies would be necessary before a large scale expansion of output would be possible. Business men are generally unwilling to make such price changes. Undoubtedly a further reduction in the hours of labor and the speed of the assembly lines would be of some help, but there are limitations to this process. To expect the remainder of the population to continue to support the same number of factory workers as before, and to bear in addition the cost of the new machinery, may be asking the impossible.

The only alternative is the development of new industries or the further expansion of the so-called "service industries." There are limitations to the latter movement, however. A nation cannot live by taking in its own washing. Wide industrial expansion, on the basis of low prices and increased output, seems to be the only sound way out of this morass. But a democratic solution of that problem may not be easily forthcoming.

When the problem of unemployment is broadened so as to include the question of depressions, our difficulties are only increased. Here is a major catastrophe which brings recurrent misery to millions. It puts the element of fear and insecurity into the entire economic system. While striking hardest at the poor, it does not always spare the well-to-do. So grave are the dislocations caused by this phenomenon that it is a serious problem whether or not the nation can endure many more such tragedies. Certainly the 1937 recession was upon us before we had thought of paying for the 1930 depression.

YET a permanent solution of this problem appears to be distant. We are not agreed as to its causes and its remedies. Had we followed the advice of the *laissez-faire* school, we might have plunged into anarchy in February, 1933, when the entire banking system was tottering. Were the solution of monetary theorists accepted, we might have tasted some of the inflation which ruined Germany and which seems to be but a temporary solution of the problems

of modern France. Should we accept the theory that a faulty distribution of income leads to the stagnation of unused savings, then we face the difficult task of changing the flow of current income. Any reputable remedy for this crisis poses practical problems of the thorniest variety. Yet a democratic solution must be found, or we face the possibility of the more forthright approach of the dictator state.

THE list of problems to be solved by our democracy could be extended even further. Closely connected with the problem of industrial expansion are those of debt and monopoly. The industrial debt of our nation is such that prospective new investment in many industries is completely discouraged. All are agreed that a considerable expansion in railroad equipment is necessary, but this great industry is unable to obtain funds, because it has borrowed to the limit. The same restriction applied to the borrowing of many states and cities. Nor is the monopoly problem less difficult. High prices act as a brake upon industrial expansion, but any continued change in policy of controlled prices may be extremely hard to obtain. Stagnation and powerlessness seem to be the fate of many of the large industries.

Added to these intrinsic difficulties of making democracy work is the fearful burden of propaganda and the non-co-operative attitude of many men. Thousands of newspapers and periodicals seem almost to have entered a conspiracy of silence in the face of the grave problems which are before the country. They oppose blindly and indiscriminately all measures of reform, no matter how glaring the evils which may have provoked them. They offer as their only solution the bromidic remedy of "confidence," without realizing how badly that method has failed in recent years. They expect an automatic solution of our problems by the road of industrial expansion, when all the roads to expansion seem to be blocked by current price policies. It seems that much of the American press is following the paths which led to its enslavement in other lands, by indulging in petty and partisan criticism, when major crises call for unity and constructive effort.

Not less dangerous is the individualism of those who flatly refuse to co-operate in the solution of these problems. Employers still exist who maintain that they would go out of business before they would bargain with their workmen. Others refuse

to consider any modification of a policy of sustained high prices, in the effort to break the log jam of restrained demand. Such an attitude, it may be repeated, is parallel to the mentality which in other lands was finally made to co-operate—or reflect in a concentration camp.

In the light of the facts mentioned above, it seems that the traditional American desire for freedom is not enough to save liberty. Democracy must be made to work. It must acquire the unity and leadership which have led to the economic betterment of Fascist states. It must accomplish many things through peaceful and democratic means which the dictatorships have accomplished by riding rough shod over the rights of individuals. It must demonstrate that although it may operate more slowly it finally accomplishes what it sets out to do—and with a far lower toll in human life and human happiness than in Fascist states.

For this end a program of education is vitally needed. Hysterical propaganda could well be replaced by calm, enlightened discussion of facts. Impassioned partisan pleas could yield to mutual discussion over a conference table. Objectives could be clarified. Ends and goals could be classified in order of their importance. Then the desirable or necessary means for these ends could be discovered.

ACTION requires leadership and discipline. Individualism and competition rarely solve complex problems. Decisions must be made and obeyed. This process is compatible with democracy, if certain conditions be fulfilled. If discussion is free, if leadership is chosen and accepted, and if authority is supported from below by the free consent and encouragement of the ruled, then action can be had without the sacrifice of liberty.

This is the challenge before our generation: to implement democracy.

It is for us to cultivate the national will, the desire for the common good, which is a pre-requisite for any type of united action. The high patriotism and the sound charity of today will best be enlisted on the economic front. When private goals are thus submerged in the desire for the general welfare, then a free nation can solve the economic problems of these days. But if selfishness and obstinacy lead to blind reaction and inaction, we may well have forfeited our heritage. We shall have failed in the task bequeathed to us by our forefathers. We shall have betrayed their trust. We shall have merited the fate meted out to us by our "man of destiny."

THE OX AND THE ASS



BY ENID DINNIS

thorpe, and a doctor's fee being added to the severely restricted outgoings. Betsy's luck, however, whatever it was, came from the Lord and was softened by that consideration.

The strange doctor came along. He was a bright young man and Betsy took to him. Dr. Horne also took to Betsy. He was enjoying his stay at Littlethorpe. There was plenty of golf and very little work. The change from a big London practice was restful. It moreover saved poor old Doctor Smith from paying a *locum tenens*.

Littlethorpe was well out of the world. The hotel where the golfers stayed could hardly be called part of it. It was a small village with the usual parish church and what was less usual, a Catholic church, built by a private benefactor, and what is commonly called an "architectural gem." Bertram Horne happened to be a Catholic but not the kind to whom the presence of a church makes a vital difference. He took it for granted that he possessed a soul, but that his soul should possess him was a thesis to which he had not hitherto given much attention. The presence of the Catholic church, therefore, made little material or rather, spiritual, difference to him, except that the priest proved to be cultured and companionable—very proud of his little church, in which certainly everything was in excellent taste. The strange doctor responded cordially to Father Exton's friendli-

ness, which was not put forward on an aggressively religious footing.

Old Mrs. Hickson's response was also cordial. As has been said, she had taken a fancy to the strange doctor. He told her he was a Catholic too, but she had not seen him at Mass on Sundays, and she always attended both Masses.

It was a recent journey to Burlingford (Burlingford was a brisk town some miles away) that had given her the chill, so she told Bertram when he came to visit her.

"But you shouldn't go gadding round Burlingford at this time of year," he told her. It was late in November. "It was unduly skittish of you, Mrs. Hickson."

"It was on business that I went." Betsy was not in the least offended. No one could be offended with the young strange doctor—but there was an air of reticence about her reply. She had paused for a moment before she made it. "It was something in connection with the church. But, there, I won't be saying any more." Having registered this resolution Betsy continued:

"It's to be a surprise for Father Exton." She might have said even more had not a violent fit of coughing overtaken her. The black cat who was sleeping on her bed roused himself with an air of protest. He disliked bronchial attacks which mobilized his human cushion.

"You are fond of animals, I notice," Dr. Horne said, when the at-

IF SHE had been the ordinary common or pagan Christian, Betsy Hickson would have considered it hard luck that the bronchitis should have taken hold of her just when she was bent upon saving up her money. It involved sending for the strange doctor who was doing Dr. Smith's work in his absence from Little-

tack was over. He did not entirely approve of a cat in a bed. Betsy smiled. "Yes, I loves cats and dogs—and horses and cows; or any of them, for matter of that. Donkeys are nice creatures, the poor dears."

"You have a spotted china dog on your mantelpiece that caught my eye," the doctor said, "when I was passing through your sitting room."

"Ah, that belonged to my grandmother," Mrs. Hickson said. "I'm fond of 'em, even when they aren't real live ones." She smiled.

"To your grandmother?" Bertram echoed. "I imagine it must be worth something. People go about collecting those sort of things."

"I never thought about that," Betsy said. "And did you like the statue of the Little Flower on the other side of the clock?"

"I'm afraid I didn't take much notice of it," Bertram admitted. "I'll have a look as I go out. And, now, mind you take care or else you won't be out and about before Christmas: I expect you want to be out in time for Christmas."

It was an accurate guess. Betsy sat up, and firmly discouraging an impending fit of coughing, made reply.

"That I do. I've never missed Midnight Mass yet."

"Well, you mustn't this time," Bertram said. "I haven't any devotion to Midnight Mass myself but I suppose some folk have."

"There's three Masses, beautiful Masses," Betsy said, "but you see, He was born at Midnight."

"I believe Father Exton has a wonderful Crib," the other said. "Quite out of the ordinary. People come a long way to see it, he tells me."

But this time Betsy demurred. "It's a nice Crib," she said, grudgingly, but it's a pity; the poor Father hasn't been able to afford to buy the animals for it. But (she nodded her head knowingly) perhaps some day someone will be giving him an ox and an ass—an ox, at any rate. I like to see an animal in a Crib." Mrs. Hickson pulled herself up. She removed the embargo on the attack of coughing, and when the paroxysm was over the subject of bronchitis and its remedies had reasserted itself.

IT WAS time for the doctor to continue his round. As he passed from Betsy's bedroom into the tiny front room he glanced at the chimney-piece. The china spotted dog and the statue of the Little Flower were standing on either side of a clock which had not gone for a generation.

Dr. Horne crossed over and picked up the spotted dog and proceeded to

examine it. It was hollow. Not a remarkably interesting specimen of its species. Bertram turned it upside down and saw that it was plugged with a round cork, after the fashion of a certain kind of pepper pot. Without any particular intention he stuck his thumb-nail into the protruding edge of the cork. It fell out, and with it a folded piece of paper of a greenish color. It was a pound note.

IF THE dog had bitten him Bertram Horne could not have been more afflicted. What ghastly thing had he done? Gone prying into the secrets of the poor old soul yonder! So she kept her savings inside the china dog. He could not help seeing that there were other pieces of folded paper there. What amends could a man make for such an action as his? It had been enough to make the statue on the other side of the clock drop the roses which she was hugging!

The statue was holding its roses gingerly. Its downcast eye did not meet Bertram's. It caught him somewhere about the vest pocket. Authenticated history vouches for the fact that St. Thérèse of Lisieux had an abiding twinkle in her eye. It is however absent from most of her plaster representations. The roses are usually held so lightly that they might slip almost inadvertently through the stiff fingers.

Bertram Horne, however, was not occupied with the statue of St. Thérèse. He was still engaged with the china dog when a call came from the next room. Hastily he replaced the cork and set the spotted dog back in its place. Guiltily he returned to Betsy's bed-chamber.

"I had forgotten to ask you about changing my medicine," Mrs. Hickson said. "Lucky you hadn't gone, Doctor."

"I was looking at your statue of the Little Flower," was the reply. It was only a half-truth, if that; but the spotted dog was not likely to be giving the other half away.

It was close upon Christmas. Betsy Hickson was seated in her armchair by the fire. She had been in the habit of being careful with the fuel so as to save a bit, but her illness had made warmth a necessity if she was to be well enough to venture out on Christmas Eve. The kind young doctor had told her that—by the way, he had talked of spending Christmas at Littlethorpe for the sake of the golf. She would like to see him again. But he had said that he didn't care about Midnight Mass.

It had been going to Burlingford

that had given her that chill. It had been a double chill. The chill of disappointment—of a keen disappointment—had been added to the other. Who would have believed it possible that the people at the big toy stores in Prince Street would have charged four-pound-ten for the cow that stood in the shop window? It had caught her eye at once. A beautiful cow, dun-colored and hairy, meant for some rich folk's nursery but the very thing for Father Exton's Crib. For four-pound-ten was a terrible lot of money. She had contrived to save three-pound-ten, bit by bit, keeping the slowly accumulating pence and sixpences until she got enough to change into a note. Mr. James the grocer had been most obliging. The notes had been transferred from her money-box to the hiding-place which she had devised inside the china dog. Three-pound-ten, she had calculated, would have been enough to purchase an ox, and even an ass as well. Then she had seen the beautiful cow in the shop window and she had even thanked the Little Flower, who had helped her to save the money before going in and inquiring the price. And then the young gentleman had said four-pound-ten—exactly a pound more than what she had in her purse.

IT HAD been such a beautiful cow, with wheels under its hoofs so it could move about easily. No wonder she had caught a nasty chill going into Burlingford that day. It was the first time that the Little Flower had let her down.

It meant waiting another year. But Betsy Hickson was not the kind that says die. The Little Flower would keep the cow for her for another Christmas, if the Lord spared her another year. There was time to save another pound although her money-box was empty.

She glanced up at the spotted dog. The notes had been returned to the safe keeping of the family relic. Then she suddenly recalled the words of the young doctor—what he had said about spotted dogs being valuable. Was it such a safe place, after all?

Fear entered into her heart. It might be wiser, after all, to keep the notes with the other money in the drawer? Anyone coming in who knew the value of spotted dogs might walk off with hers!

Betsy rose out of her arm-chair. She stretched up and took the spotted dog from its place. The statue of the Little Flower watched her. She seemed to be holding her roses more precariously than ever. Its

owner turned the china dog upside down, as the doctor had done with no sanctions of ownership. She took out the cork and ran her forefinger round its interior. One, two, three folded notes fell out, green ones, then a brown one. Then another green one!

Betsy stared. She unfolded the notes and counted them. She counted them again and again. Four-pound-ten they came to in all. Exactly the price of the cow! She was compelled to believe her eyes. She was compelled to believe her fingers as she handled the notes. She looked up at the statue on the chimney-piece.

"Well, it is good of you," Betsy said.

AND there was time to go to Burlingford and buy the cow. It went without saying that the Little Flower having worked a miracle would have kept the cow in stock ready for her. Betsy clasped her hands. And how pleased dear Father Exton would be! It was going to be a real, lovely Christmas surprise for him.

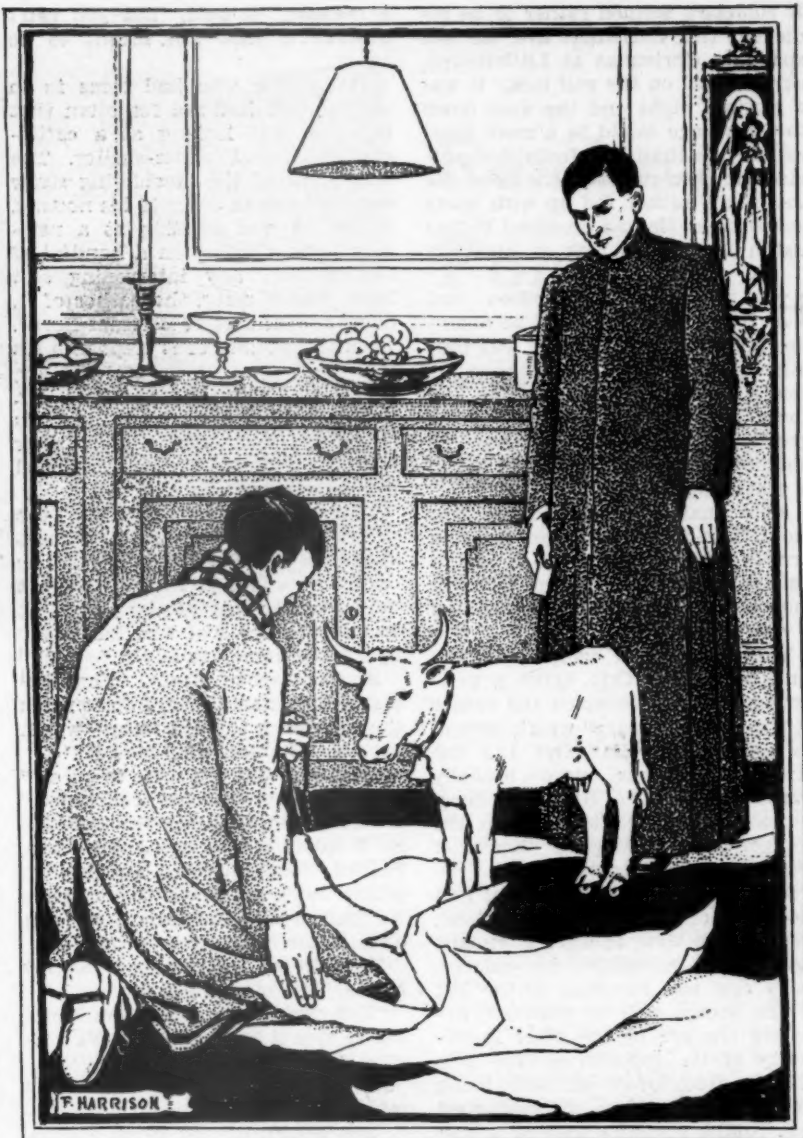
It was on Christmas Eve, when Father Exton was putting the finishing touches to his Crib, that the awful thing happened. "Finishing touches" hardly expresses it, for the Crib did not lend itself to such, its note being severe simplicity. The Lady chapel had been turned into a cave in the ordinary brown paper way, but there was nothing to divert the eye from the central group, an austere classical conception of the Nativity Mystery. No robin redbreast would have dared to intrude itself, although the robin is an audacious bird. The shepherds had likewise hesitated to put in an appearance. There was a chaste restraint about the representation of the Christmas story that met with approval from people who mattered.

The Father was summoned from his occupation by Bob Simmons, his odd man. "There's a big package arrived from Burlingford!" The odd man announced the fact with widened eyes and a catch in his breath. "As high as that!" He measured with his hand.

Father Exton followed him into the Presbytery. The huge package was addressed from the big toy store in Prince Street. As Bob stripped off the coverings the Father regarded it with some perplexity.

"It must be meant for the Parsonage, for the parson's kiddies," he said.

Bob stripped off more coverings. There stood displayed to view a large, hairy, aggressively dun-colored cow.



"But that's a cow, right enough" he said

"It must be meant for the Parsonage," Father Exton said. Bob picked up a card and handed it to him. Written on it was: "With Mrs. Hickson's respectful compliments for the Crib." Father Exton made a single exclamation. It sounded like "Gosh!" Bob was examining the cow. "It's got wheels under its hoofs," he said. "Must have cost a mint of money."

"But Mrs. Hickson hasn't got a penny to bless herself with!"

"Guess she's been saving up," Bob opined.

"But what ghastly waste," Father Exton wailed. "I can't possibly use the thing!"

"That 'ud break her heart," Bob said, laconically.

"But—it's a child's toy, meant for a child's nursery!"

Bob considered the objection. Then

he said: "I suppose the Crib was His nursery; and He might have done with some toys." (Bob was a very odd man.) "But that's a cow, right enough," he ended.

Father Exton gave a low moan. "I suppose I shall have to stick to it," he said. "I can't break the old lady's heart. We'll put it at the back—away in the corner." The recipient of the gift cow was looking it ruefully in the hoof.

Bob was a Job's comforter. "I expect she'll be saving up for an ass now," he said.

"It's simply ghastly," the Father repeated. He had just remembered that Dr. Horne had written and told him that he had booked a room at the hotel for Christmas.

Bertram Horne had not been to Midnight Mass since he was a boy.

It somehow seemed rather to be indicated this Christmas Eve. He was spending Christmas at Littlethorpe, at the hotel on the golf links. It was a glorious night and the walk down to the village would be a more novel experience than the festivities provided for the guests at the hotel. He was really rather fed up with being entertained. He had promised Father Exton to have a look at his Crib.

HE RECALLED Mrs. Hickson and hoped that she would be enjoying her Midnight Mass. It was past midnight and Mass would have already begun by the time he got there, but that consideration did not greatly trouble Bertram Horne. He did not aim at being what is called a practicing Catholic.

As a matter of fact, Mass was more than half over when Bertram arrived at the church. He slipped in quietly, into a seat in the transept facing the Lady Altar, commanding a view of the Crib.

Yes, so far as he could see it was quite a superior Crib. Quite a well-arranged group occupied the centre of the spacious "cave" which formed its setting. The Bambino and the attendant figures were actually works of art. The Babe lay on a delicate lace-edged kerchief in His manger-bed. But—good heavens! What on earth was that?

A woman in the seat in front had moved her head and there stood, displayed to view, another attendant figure. An egregious dun-colored, hairy cow was standing to the left of the group, well in evidence, arresting the eye by the utter incongruity of its appearance. The rôle of the traditional ox was being played by the kind of quadruped that fulfills a child's idea of a cow but with which ecclesiastical art has not even a bowing acquaintance.

Nothing could have been more completely out of the picture, artistically speaking. But practically speaking the cow was shockingly in the picture.

What *could* Father Exton have been thinking about?

At this juncture a bell tinkled. The people in front of him surged out of their seats, giving Bertram an unimpeded view of the stable.

Yes, it had been a stable right enough—the scene of the Nativity. A cattle-shelter. Not even a human habitation. It was a strange drama, the drama of the Nativity.

The creature which was playing the part of the ox was insistent. It's face was lacking in intelligence, even for that of a cow, but it seemed to be saying something.

"You may be forgetting that that's

a manger," it said, "but you can't mistake it that I'm meant to be an ox."

The visitor who had come in to see the Crib had not forgotten that fact. He was looking at a cattle-shelter—a real cattle-shelter. The very scent of the mouldering straw seemed to come along to his nostrils. A live ox was snuffing at a newborn baby who lay on a handful of hay without any intervening soft linen. The poverty, the pathos of it, pierced the heart of Bertram Horne. Then the wonder of it crept into his soul.

Father Exton came across Dr. Horne among the crowd that was emerging from the church after Midnight Mass. They exchanged hearty greetings.

"You will have seen my Crib," the priest said, rather ruefully. "I must apologize for the intrusion of the ox, but it was a gift and I couldn't hurt the feelings of the donor. It was a poor old soul who had saved up all her money to buy it."

Bertram spoke slowly. "That explains it," he said. "No, I don't mean the cow being there, I mean—was it old Mrs. Hickson who gave it?"

"Yes. How did you come to guess?"

"That's by way of confession," Bertram said, smiling. "But, seriously, I would like a word with you, Father, sometime. As to the ox, please don't apologize. It may have its limitations as a work of art, but as an actor it got its lines over."

"I wish you could take it off my hands," the other said.

"You couldn't persuade Mrs. Hickson to give it to your children's hospital, I suppose?"

"I could do my best," Bertram said.

"She wouldn't," the priest sighed. "She says there was a miracle and the Little Flower made up the money to buy it."

"Well, then," Bertram said, "it's up to the Little Flower to see it through."

MRS. HICKSON had not caught cold at Midnight Mass but she was coughing a bit next day. It was good to have a nice fire to sit by and a tasty bit of dinner that a kind neighbor had sent in. And to add to these kind attentions of Providence, who should look in upon her on Christmas afternoon but the nice young doctor who had attended her when Dr. Smith was away.

The latter explained that he was spending Christmas at Littlethorpe and had dined with Father Exton after the mid-day Mass.

"I only got part of the Midnight Mass," Dr. Horne said, "so I came to

the eleven o'clock and Father Exton kindly invited me to dinner."

"That would be the third Mass," Betsy said. "The birth of Christ in the heart of man." Then she added: "and you saw the Crib?"

"Rather! And I congratulated Father Exton on the ox. He told me that you were the donor—or to be truthful, I guessed."

Betsy was delighted. "But I am sorry there wasn't an ass as well," she apologized, "but the Little Flower, she just made the money up to the four-pound-ten that bought the cow—I mean the ox. I did ask her for an ass as well—but, there, I must save up for next year."

"But why should we wait till next year?" The doctor was quite eager.

"Look here, Mrs. Hickson, I've taken a tremendous fancy to that ox of yours for my children's hospital, and if you would allow me to get an ox and an ass—a nice matching pair, in exchange for it, I could telephone and get them from London in time for Sunday."

Betsy listened. Her eyes brightened. "An ox and an ass," she murmured. "Just what I asked the Little Flower for. Isn't that wonderful?"

"Do you manage it?" Father Exton greeted his returned guest anxiously.

"Yes, beautifully. She just jumped at my offer of an ox and an ass in exchange for the cow. I think I shall be able to get you something from the studio that won't outrage your scheme too badly—something restrained and recumbent."

"It is topping of you," Father Exton said, gratefully. "Of course she took it as the Little Flower's doing. Another miracle. She stuck to it that there had been a miracle before."

Bertram deliberated, "I don't know whether you would call it a miracle," he said, "but I don't know what it was that made me slip an extra note into the china dog on her mantelpiece if it wasn't the little Lady on the other side of the clock."

So that was how it happened that by the Sunday within the octave Father Exton's Crib became possessed of an ox and an ass that fitted in irreproachably with the general scheme, delicately stressing the point indicated by St. Luke with a marvelous economy of words in the passage in his Gospel: "And she brought forth her first-born son and laid him in a manger."

And away in a children's hospital near London the dun-colored cow took up its rôle in the Bethlehem Tableau on Twelfth Night; so the whole thing would appear to have been managed uncommonly well.



Photo by Beutelle, Courtesy of Catholic Book Club, N. Y.

The formation of Catholic reading circles and libraries is important for Catholic Action

Reading For Catholic Action

By PAUL McGUIRE

Preparation for Catholic Action Requires Reading and Study. The Author Gives Practical Advice on the Manner of Forming Reading Circles and Initiating Catholic Libraries

THE POPE repeatedly insists on the value to Catholic Action of periodicals and books. In this odd age of ours, most of us, for good and for evil, draw our ideals chiefly from print; and though the radio and the theatre more and more condition the public mind, print still remains the most formidable of social instruments.

There are, I suppose, more than thirty million white, English-speaking Catholics, all with some measure of what we call education. They are literates, at least. Yet I know of only two Catholic writers who have made any considerable income from their Catholic writings in recent years. A Catholic publisher who determines to publish only good Catholic books can expect a hazardous life. A Catholic author who openly uses his typewriter in the Catholic cause can expect little butter for his bread and certainly no jam. I do not know of any Catholic periodical which has the circulation it might expect. In England, for instance, the four Catholic weeklies have a combined circulation of less than 200,000, in a Catholic population approaching 2,500,000. From what I can learn circulations have not a much better average in the United States. Yet the two and a half millions of Dutch Catholics maintain 30 daily newspapers; and one Belgian organization alone, the League of Christian Workers, has 2 dailies and 13 weeklies.

It is not a difference in national temperament. A Victor Gollancz can, in England, gather from the general, flaccid mass of the suburban populations a force of fifty to one hundred thousand regular readers. Further, he can organize the majority of them in study circles which piously attend to all his products. No Catholic publisher dares even to dream of such an organized market.

Why?

It is not the fault of the authors. Contemporary Catholic literature is remarkable in its scholarship, its devotion to the Church, its power to engage and interest the ordinary adult mind if once the ordinary adult mind will attend. It even has a remarkable entertainment value. When one thinks of the usual stodge and prosiness of Mr. Gollancz's solemn men, and then recalls the verve and vitality of some of our Catholic writers, the indifference of the Catholic public becomes a distressing reflection upon its taste as well as upon its Catholicism.

I say upon its *Catholicism* very seriously. If people neglect Catholic writing, it is because they are not aware of their responsibility as Catholics or, if they are aware, because they do not care. The Pope has commanded every Catholic layman of moral and mental competence to Catholic Action. Where Catholic Action is not formally established, laymen must still prepare for it. It is

essential to the Lay Apostolate that our minds shall be informed, fit. We must know the reasons for the Faith that is in us; we must be able to answer for it. This is a perfectly clear duty for the modern Catholic, and unless he is an imbecile, I do not see how he can excuse himself from that duty.

Make a simple test. If a non-Catholic (one of those many millions of drifting men who are vaguely seeking God and too frequently fail to find Him because Catholics fail to reveal Him) asked us why we believe that Christ is God, asked us what evidences there are for His Resurrection, asked us why we believe that on certain occasions Peter speaks through Pius and Christ through Peter, could we give a sensible, clear, proper answer to these questions? If we could not, then we are failing in the duty to equip ourselves, even in an elementary way, for the Lay Apostolate to which Pius and Peter and Christ have called us. We are shirking the adventure of Catholic Action.

FEW PEOPLE, I believe, want to shirk. The shirkers have mostly drifted away already. In these days, it is so easy to drift away that one conceives those who stay as something like a hard core of convinced Catholics. The trouble mostly is that minds have not stirred, imagination has not been touched by the adven-

ture of modern Catholicism: and perhaps we are not very sure how to get on with the job anyhow.

To get on with it at all we must be spiritually fit and mentally fit. We must pray, and we must use our minds. We must study and think. The words *study* and *think* are inclined to startle the timid: but every rational creature should be capable of both. Minds, after all, were made to be used. And after the first, rusty, uneasy creaks, it is quite amusing to use one's mind.

WHAT DO we need to study and to think about? Obviously, the doctrines of the Church, the history of the Church's struggle in the world, the forces which are working in the world today, for and against the Church. We need to study ourselves and the societies in which we live and work and share.

In the first article of this series, I spoke of group-formation in the preparation for Catholic Action. We shall not have Catholic Action until we have such groups and until those groups are using their minds athletically. They must read. Every mentally competent Catholic must read today. And he must put his reading to use.

Each group should at once get from Catholic publishers their book lists. It should at once investigate the Catholic press, and settle which periodicals are likely to be of most service to it. It should establish relations with one or other of the many admirable Catholic book services or libraries in this country. If there is an established library convenient for use, it must be used. If there is not, one must be founded. And Catholic books, Catholic papers must be actively promoted at every possible point.

It need not begin ambitiously. Excellent Catholic libraries have sprung from the purchases of a handful of people, often poor people, organized in reading circles. A dozen people, say, contribute two dollars each to buy a dozen or more books (many of the most valuable Catholic books are in cheap editions, some of those mentioned here in very cheap editions). The books are circulated among the group. Each member reads a dozen or more good books, and by the time he is through with them, he will probably have acquired the desire and the two dollars to contribute for more. And if the circle is at all active, it will have attracted more members and more dollars.

As with books, so with periodicals. In an age when the secular press is vastly remote from Catholic understanding we must use our own pe-

riodicals. Settle on those most useful to you and make a joint subscription.

In the group you will need, from the first, a librarian: someone who will keep the books moving and prod the sluggard who always holds up the circulation by keeping the book too long. In a circle of this sort, each member should have one book to start with, and there should be a date on which each passes on his book to the next on the list. No one should be allowed to over-run this date. If he wants the book again, it can be returned to him after it has gone round the circle. But it is essential to the scheme that no one should hold up traffic.

At the end of a year or two, it will be found that a circle of this sort has acquired a little library. It is the seed of a larger library. The time will come when you will be able to make it a regular circulating library. But you need not think of that yet, unless you have large resources.

What books should be bought? That is always a matter of what books are most needed. I take it that a circle of this kind will realize its own mental responsibility and its responsibility to Catholic literature. It will deal in useful Catholic books. It will want to study them.

Let it then settle the study it wants to do.

One of the most active of Catholic Action movements within my knowledge sprang from a small library (it is now a very large library and almost a model of what a Catholic library should be). It was founded by a priest on the most meagre of resources, and it began as a very small affair. But its books were all good.

This priest (I shall not mention the Society to which he belonged) was a wily fellow: and in his library he always made provision for a room where people could sit about and look at papers and talk. Occasionally, but so discreetly that one hardly noticed it, he prompted talk. The young men and women of that city, just a few at first, but more and more as time went on, acquired a habit of dropping in to select a book after they finished at their offices and factories in the evenings. They gradually began to mix (the Father Librarian prodded a little there, too) and presently little groups began to form, to read and then to discuss what they had read.

FROM THOSE groups grew remarkable things: within a few years had come one of the most vigorous Catholic cultural movements outside of Europe: from that came an active apostolate in university, in offices, in

factories: a newspaper, which has the best circulation in proportion to Catholic population of any paper in the English-speaking Catholic world was founded: a Catholic Evidence Guild sprang to life: Catholic vocational organizations were formed: and today, two of the young men who once drifted into that library are in charge of the National Secretariat for Catholic Action in their country. Catholic Action has been made possible there by the development, spiritually and intellectually, of those young people who had discovered Catholic literature.

One has not the space here to chart systematic reading lists, but suggestions will be found at the end of this article. An admirable *Ground Plan for Catholic Reading* was published awhile back by Mr. F. J. Sheed, and it may be bought for 25¢. He has selected 60 books (not necessarily the 60 best books, but each because it does "the particular job that its place in the plan requires") and he has arranged them for a systematic course and courses of reading. You can add to his lists from your own as your reading grows, and adapt his suggestions to your needs.

IF YOU cannot afford a number of books, the various series of pamphlets are enormously useful. (You should lay in pamphlets, anyhow, as well as books). A list of publishers of Catholic pamphlets is given in the very useful booklet of the N.C.W.C. (1312 Massachusetts Ave. N. W. Washington, D. C.) *Aids to Catholic Action*. The English and the Irish Catholic Truth Societies will send their lists. And the Catholic Social Guild, whose address is just Oxford, England, has published a remarkable range of cheap and useful textbooks on social questions in almost every aspect.

Any efficient Catholic library or book service (and there are a number in the United States) will be more than happy to advise people and to arrange for the purchase of books. The books of all publishers can be purchased through *THE SIGN*.

It is my own belief that libraries should begin in a small way and grow with the needs of the people who use them. There is everything to say, of course, for an effective Central Catholic Library in each considerable city, but where the people who use books have themselves to discover books and to make sacrifices to obtain them, there is a personal interest and a discipline which we all require.

The library which most warms my own heart was founded by a dozen young people, all of them with nar-

row incomes. They built slowly at first, until the time came when they had more readers than books, but no capital to buy books. Each pledged himself then to guarantee a portion of the buying account, and they plunged into purchases which would have been a heavy burden to them if their venture had failed. It did not. They were willing to make sacrifices: and one has come to believe, from innumerable things one has seen, that when people are really willing to tackle the job themselves, God often does the job for them.

It may be that you do not know any other people who would be interested to begin with you a reading circle or a small library: well, we have a notion for that.

Fill in a United States postcard in this fashion: in the upper corner the name of your State and city, town or village. Beneath list the name of your parish. Beneath that, your street address and your name, including the Mr., the Mrs., or the Miss. In the bottom left-hand, write *Book-circle*.

Send it to me here at THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J. We shall index it under State and City. That is why we want you to use the uniform U. S. postcard, so that the indexing will be simpler. Then, if we find that three or four or five or more people of any one city want a book circle, we shall get in touch with them.

It will then be up to you. You will know who else, in your neighborhood, would like to start a circle. We suggest that the first one named in each list should act as convenor for a meeting of all on his list.

If there is a sufficient response, we shall later publish the names of the different Catholic libraries and book services in the United States. You can communicate with them. From watching our advertisements, you will have the names and addresses of the leading Catholic publishers. You can write to them for their catalogues and ask them to supply you regularly with their lists.

And read. Read, read, read. Intelligently and systematically. A measure of study is not beyond any rational being. And you will find the whole affair, of reading, of studying, of creating a Catholic library, very good fun indeed.

READING LISTS

THE FOLLOWING is a list of books which the author has found useful for the purpose indicated in the preceding article. They will form the core of an effective Catholic library. It is not suggested that these are the best books on their subjects, but that each is a book that has been found useful in actual experience in the formation of Catholic minds. Many excel-

lent books have been omitted from the list for the one simple reason that space must confine enthusiasm. This is a list of "popular" books and there is little of what is called "heavy" reading in it.

Doctrines of the Church

Title	Author
The Nature of Belief.....	D'Arcy
C. E. G. Training Outlines.....	Ward
God and Intelligence.....	Fulton Sheen
God.....	Cambridge Summer School Series
The Unknown God.....	Noyes
Orthodoxy.....	Chesterton
Necessity of Belief.....	Gill
Now I See.....	Lunn
Principles of Christian Apologetics,	
Man.....	Walshe
Cambridge Summer School Series	
The Human Soul.....	Vonier
Map of Life.....	Sheed
Will Men Be Like Gods.....	Dudley
The Everlasting Man.....	Chesterton
Our Lord Jesus Christ and His	
Gospel.....	Martindale
The Son of God.....	Adam
The Public Life of Our Lord Jesus	
Christ.....	Goodier
Apologetics and Christian	
Doctrine.....	Sheehan
The Catholic Church and the	
Appeal to Reason.....	Ward
Religion of the Plain Man.....	Benson
The Mystical Body	
of Christ.....	Fulton Sheen
Christ in the Church.....	Benson
The Church and the Catholic.....	Guardini
The Spirit of Catholicism.....	Adam
The Mass.....	Cabrol
The Mind of the Missal.....	Martindale
Spirit of Catholicism.....	Adam

Catholic Action

A Manual of Catholic Action.....	Civardi
L'Action Catholique Spécialisée.....	Bayart
Conferences on Catholic Action,	
Pizzardo (N. C. W. C.)	
Aids to Catholic Action.....	N. C. W. C.
The Catholic Social Movement, Somerville	

History

Europe and the Faith.....	Belloc
Crisis of Our Civilization.....	Belloc
Short History of England.....	Chesterton
The Making of Europe.....	Dawson
The Key to the World's Progress.....	Devas
Charlemagne.....	Woodruff
History of Europe.....	Jarrett
Medieval Religion.....	Dawson
History of England.....	Belloc
History of the Church.....	Hughes
The Thirteenth, the Greatest of	
Centuries.....	Walsh
Economic and Social History of	
Medieval Europe.....	Pirenne
Social Theories of the Middle Ages.....	Jarrett
The Renaissance.....	Dark
Emperor of the West,	
D. B. Wyndham Lewis	
How the Reformation Happened.....	Belloc
Characters of the Reformation.....	Belloc
Cranmer.....	Belloc
St. Peter Canisius.....	Broderick
Three Reformers.....	Maritain
The Reformation in England.....	Constant
History of the Reformation.....	Corbett
Economic Effects of the	
Reformation.....	O'Brien

Title	Author
Catholicism, Protestantism,	
Capitalism.....	Fanfan
Social Effects of the Reformation.....	Cobbett
The Servile State.....	Belloc
Catholicism in England, 1535-1935,	
Matthew	
The Monstrous Regiment.....	Hollis
The Two Nations.....	Hollis
The Breakdown of Money.....	Hollis
Religion and the Rise of	
Capitalism.....	Tawney

Biography

St. Francis of Assisi.....	Chesterton
St. Thomas Aquinas.....	Chesterton
St. Dominic.....	Jarrett
St. Catherine of Siena.....	Curtayne
Don John of Austria.....	Yeo
John Sobieski.....	Morton
St. Paul.....	Martindale
A Monument to St. Augustine.....	Various
Dante.....	Curtayne
St. Francis of Assisi.....	Jorgensen
Erasmus.....	Hollis
St. Thomas More.....	Hollis
St. Thomas More.....	Chambers
Edmund Campion.....	Waugh
Stages on the Road.....	Undset
Richelleu.....	Belloc
Charles I.....	Belloc
Isabella of Spain.....	Walsh
Philip II.....	Walsh
St. Robert Bellarmine.....	Broderick
Wilfred Ward and the Transition.....	Ward
Autobiography.....	Chesterton
Autobiography.....	Jorgensen

Modern Problems

Survivals and New Arrivals.....	Belloc
Essays of a Catholic.....	Belloc
The Thing.....	Chesterton
Tadpoles and God.....	Oliver
The Flight From Reason.....	Lunn
Broadcast Minds.....	Knox
Religion in the Modern State.....	Dawson
The Modern Dilemma.....	Dawson
Caliban in Grub Street.....	Knox
The Framework of a Christian	
State.....	Cahill
The Things That Are Not	
Caesar's.....	Maritain
The Will to Freedom.....	Hoffman
The Catholic Church and the	
Citizen.....	Ryan
They That Take the Sword.....	Jerrold
The Catholic Tradition of the Law of	
Nations.....	Eppstein
The Future of Bolshevism.....	Gurian
Hitler and the Christians.....	Gurian
The Restoration of Property.....	Belloc
Distributive Justice.....	Ryan
Outline of Sanity.....	Chesterton
Church and State,	
Cambridge Summer School Series	
Economics for Helen.....	Belloc
The Living Wage.....	Ryan
A Code of Social Principles,	
Catholic Social Guild	
The Reorganization of Social	
Economy.....	Nell-Bruening
Laws of Life.....	Sutherland
Russia's Iron Age.....	Chamberlin
I Search for Truth in Russia.....	Citrine
I Was a Soviet Worker.....	Smith
Human Life in Russia.....	Amende
Assignment in Utopia.....	Lyons
Bolshevism, Theory and Practice.....	Gurian
Enquiries.....	Dawson
Judgment on Birth Control.....	Guchtenere
The Difficult Commandment.....	Martindale

The Gentle Essay

By MARY MARGARET LYNCH

AN ESSAYIST is one who can discover the unusual in the ordinary—one who journeys on little rambles of the mind, exploring hidden facets of the known. Essays are the result of reflection upon an object, a person, a place, an activity or an event.

A good essay is almost always the fruitful product of scholarly leisure and to be enjoyed fully must be read in the spirit in which it was written. Not for the essayist is the exclamation-point style of the newspaper headline, and not for the reader a rapid scanning. Rather, for full appreciation, he should absorb each word, each sentence, until from the whole he can obtain the last subtle shade of meaning. The exacting requirements of the essay, which demand so much from author and reader, may in part account for the decreasing number of true essayists and their fewer readers.

The essayist writes of little things. He does not author the two-thousand word, compressed encyclopedias on "The American Woman—Her Influence On Civilization." To write a good essay, one must be able to see with the eyes of a new-born babe something which is familiar, to observe it with the accuracy of the scientist, and to reproduce it with the skill of the artist. The true essayist must be the exception to Montaigne's rhetorical question—Who, having once seen a cow, ever sees a cow again? Always to the essayist, the world should not be jaded and weary, but vivid and new.

An amazing number of the essays which have given us the most pleasure are those written about things we know. They provide an opportunity for us to compare our observations on a familiar theme with those of another person whose opinion we enjoy. One of the most endearing characteristics of essays and essayists is that they do not seek the respect demanded by the importance of controversy, but hope only for the quieter tribute of a smile, a chuckle, a nod of agreement. Christopher Morley is one of this group and, to me, one of the most delightful things about the man is the fact that he, who deals in gentle abstractions, should be the brother of an equally noted statistician and economist.

Essays, friendly essays, should be written and read in peaceful solitude by persons who at least like to sit by an open fire—portly persons, perhaps, or at least those with the serenity induced by good food and good living. This is not an attempt to deny that the art of the essay has been advanced by hungry folk living in hall bedrooms, or, more romantically but still less comfortably, in attics. No matter to what physical pangs and indignities they were reduced, they still would have liked an open fire and good living!

We have had few notable young essayists and those rare ones who were young in years were old in possession of that essence of wisdom distilled with simplicity which makes the charm of the essay. The gentle essayist, like the good apple, mellow with age and is the riper for his mellowing.

It is sometimes difficult to mark the distinction between the essay and the article, though in general we may say that the essay aims to divert the attention, to amuse, but rarely attempts to influence; the article is more apt to inform, to make absolute statements, or to try to change one's opinions. That may be the reason why we have so many feminine writers of articles and so few women essayists!

AGNES REPPLIER is usually conceded to be the outstanding American woman essayist. Unfortunate it will be if, as she threatens, she retires in this her eightieth year, for there is no one qualified to carry on her tradition. There are two women, both from the Middle West, who in the fields of reminiscence and the short story, are able to evoke gentle stirrings of the past; but neither of them, Della Lutes or Dorothy Thomas, can really be called an essayist. Katherine Mansfield, penetrating analyst, was not an essayist. How is it that women, specialists in trivia, in emphasizing the importance of the unimportant, do not recognize in the essay an opportunity for mastery of the thing in which their sex excels? It can only be because women, as was said before, are so engrossed in presenting facts and changing opinions, that they have

little time left for more leisurely and less tumultuous literary pursuits.

If it is a task to find a woman essayist, it is harder still to choose a few from the many men who have produced excellent essays. Lamb, Stevenson, Henry James, Lowell, Emerson, Thoreau, were all essayists and were noted in other literary fields, as well. There is no doubt concerning Chesterton—he is one of the great. There can hardly be any doubt about that sentimental realist, Christopher Morley. One of the most delightful of the recent New Englanders was Charles Brooks.

THE essayist is not a mercenary man. If he were, he would not be an essayist, for the returns for his mental labor are never very great. Essays never have and never will appeal to the general public whose literary tastes lie somewhere between the comic strip and the detective story. Fortunately for those who do enjoy essays, some of the most notable writers of them were men who did other writing or held positions in other fields as well. This insured at least partial financial independence, so that the writing of essays might be carried on without undue consideration for the money derived from their sale.

The essayist, then, writes for his own satisfaction—to give clarity and expression to his thoughts. All writers at times dominate and at other times are dominated by their creations, but none suffer such a gentle dominance as the essayist. He writes because he likes to and the things he writes about are also things he likes. This feeling is revealed in each smoothly finished thought, every deft turn of phrase. The essayist is like a dancer who executes the most difficult figures with an art which conceals their difficulty and reveals only unstudied grace—an art so vital that she must dance for herself if she cannot command an audience. When Belloc writes of great winds, when Hazlitt tells of going on a journey, when Logan Pearsall Smith hunts old manuscripts, they capture once more for themselves the pleasure of the happening. It is our good fortune that we who read essays can, in the reading, reconstruct with them.



Feed the Hungry

PASSIONISTS
IN
CHINA

Clothe the Naked

JOACHIM BECKES, C.P., WUKI, HUNAN

Our Refugee Problem

By MOST REVEREND CUTHBERT O'GARA, C.P.

I HAVE been asked to tell the readers of THE SIGN something about the conditions which at present prevail in our Vicariate, and particularly to recount for them the relief activities which are being carried on. I cannot but comply with so reasonable a request, though I confess to serious misgivings as to my ability to do justice to the subject.

Fourteen months ago, when the first clash between Chinese soldiers and Japanese outposts took place at the Marco Polo Bridge, Western Hunan seemed very far off indeed from the seat of the trouble. Even when hostilities broke out in Shanghai, we were so remote from the fighting that it might have been, for all practical purposes, in another country. That was a long, a very long, year ago, and we are all, natives and missionaries, wiser now. As the relentless march of the Japanese armies has kept steadily on, spreading over an ever-widening area, until at the moment of writing, the Wuhan cities in the very heart of China are beleaguered, the effects of this devastating invasion have been multiplying about us, so that now the merest child is conscious of the tremendous struggle which is in progress.

First it was the march of armies from the provinces to the west of us, passing through on their way to

the distant front. This was all very martial and exciting, but it left the war just as far away as ever. Then came the first local attempts at a general draft. This was something quite different and entirely novel. To have a son, a brother, or a friend shoulder a gun and depart for the front lines, was to bring the conflict, in a sense, to one's very doorstep. Later there started the painful trek of homeless war victims to the remote interior. As the tide of destruction penetrated one province after another, menacing city, town and hamlet, the terror-stricken inhabitants fled before the belching guns of the oncoming hosts, gradually forming an army of refugees, which in number is without record in history, certainly in modern history. Vast numbers of these war sufferers found their way into the province of Hunan, and ultimately into our territory.

This mass migration embraces every class of society, from the highest to the lowest, all reduced to a common level by the horrors of war. To our door have come one-time mandarins, teachers, businessmen and farmers, together with their wives and children, begging for a night's lodging and a day's support. It is the policy of the Generalissimo, in this national crisis, to save the

youth of China, upon whose shoulders will fall the work of reconstruction after the war. Hence the unprecedented attempt has been made to transport *en bloc* whole student-bodies from high schools and academies to the relative safety of the western provinces. To this moving multitude must be further added all the departments of government which have been transferred to more tranquil districts. Thus it has come about that every temple, public building and private home throughout our entire Vicariate, is being occupied; housing facilities have reached the saturation point.

DAY by day the war has crept nearer to us. For months now the important towns along the eastern border of Hunan have been subjected to aerial bombardment. Our capital city, Changsha, has been frequently visited by Japanese planes. Very recently the large city of Paoking, in the center of Hunan, was bombed. As you know, the motor road connecting south-eastern China with her western provinces bisects our Vicariate. The cities of Yüanling, Chenki and Chihkiang, are situated on this road, and hence have assumed a new importance. The danger of an aerial attack is a real one. Already the authorities are begin-

ning to advise that the very old and the very young be moved to the relative safety of the country.

It seems quite certain that the eastern section of Hunan will be taken over by the Japanese. For through this section runs the vital Hankow-Canton Railroad—the main artery connecting central with southern China—over which munitions and supplies from Hongkong have been reaching the national armies of the northern and eastern fronts. Japan is determined to control this sector. In doing so, she will occupy Changsha and other populous cities. If, as some think, there is to be serious and continued fighting in this province, the situation for us will be still further aggravated by the presence of numerous divisions of the Chinese army which will then be quartered throughout the Vicariate. Besides, if fighting occurs along the Hankow-Canton Railroad, the populations of the threatened cities, towns and villages, will inevitably flee to safety in the mountainous regions of Western Hunan.

WHEN confronted with suffering and want on such a colossal scale, one feels a sense of utter impotence. Whatever is done, whatever energy is expended, whatever financial aid is given, it must still remain but a tiny drop in an immense ocean of misery. Nonetheless, that little must be done. Have we not the Saviour's monition wherein He stresses the importance of a cup of water? To feed and shelter a few hundred here, and a few hundred there, to dispense medicines among some thousands of epidemic victims, may seem a small thing against a background of thirty million sufferers, but the care of these hundreds, the treatment of these thousands, imposes upon us a moral and financial obligation of staggering proportions.

The work among the refugees developed so rapidly that it was necessary to have an experienced missionary give his entire time to it. Into Father Paul Ubinger's hands has been put the task of organizing and supervising the relief activities. In Yüanling, the boys' school, its buildings and yard, have been converted into a refugee camp. Double-decker wooden beds have been installed in the classrooms; kitchens have been erected in the schoolyard. The contemplated capacity was to have been 250; the actual number now cared for has already grown to 275 and will reach 300. In the men's and women's catechumenates are housed another 25; some Catholics, some catechumens. Twenty miles up the Yüan



Bishop Cuthbert O'Gara, C.P., with his Mass server and two Yüanling children

River, the Luki Mission is being converted into a second refugee camp, where another 150 will find shelter. And as I write, plans are being discussed for similar arrangements in other missions when the need grows urgent; and judging from the experience of missions in other war-torn provinces, several hundred more refugees will be added to the total.

No distinction of any kind is made among the destitute clamoring for admittance. Among them are Buddhists, Mohammedans and Christians. The sole passport is the individual's distress. If you were to walk through the Yüanling camp, you would find there young and old, men and women from divers provinces, some decently clothed, others in tatters. If you speak only the Yüanling dialect, you will find difficulty in conversing with numbers of them, for many speak only the *patois* of their native localities. On arrival, the refugees are thin and worn, as can be expected, after their harrowing experiences and months of exposure during long overland journeys in the heat of summer, or in cramped quarters on overcrowded sampans.

The worldly belongings of these refugees consist, for the most part, in the clothes on their back, a piece of bedding or two, and a few cooking utensils. Some have not so much as this, for everything superfluous

has been sold on the road. If you have time to linger among them, you will hear many a graphic account of war horrors, and human anguish—homes burned, belongings destroyed, dear ones killed or lost, encounters with bandits, all manner of human misery—and though you may not understand the language, the vehemence of the words and the eloquence of the gestures will leave no misgiving as to the narrator's meaning, or doubt as to the authenticity of the facts.

ENTER the first room, and you find a bedraggled couple stretched out fast asleep. They have come the day before, and are so utterly spent that they are not even interested in the food that is being proffered to them. Further on you will chance upon a lad of about thirteen years of age; he is in convulsions. From the bandages about the throat you will know it is a case of mumps with serious complications. A grief-stricken mother and a distracted father are standing helplessly by; at the head of the bed is a Sister of Charity. She has summoned the priest, for the boy is dying. At the next door you are met with shrill screams—just a mother of two children who has lost her mind through worry and privation; the bewildered children are running aimlessly about.

At the next room you are saluted by a middle-aged man whose soiled and ragged clothes and unkempt appearance bespeak many days of overland travel. You might put him in the beggar class, were it not for his urbane bow and cultured accent. Not many months ago, he was a well-to-do official in his native town. Further in the room is a Sister tending several sick babies. Infant mortality during this trek has been enormous, and very few babies have survived the rigors of the road. A visit upstairs brings you upon a group of some thirty high school boys with their teachers; the boys are all stocky, well-mannered youths, undaunted by their hard experiences, and not overconcerned with the future. Their dusty, rumpled bedding is spread out on the floor; "better than sleeping on the street pavement," one cheerfully remarks.

Despite the children running about, and the number of women-folk engaged in washing clothes and other domestic duties, the number seems to fall much short of 300. You ask about this and are told that the men are out trying to pick up an extra copper here and there. Some, it seems, never get further than the vain search for employment; others of a capitalistic bent,

plunge to the extent of buying a package of cigarettes which they peddle one by one with infinitesimal profit. If you sell enough, they will tell you, the family will have an extra vegetable for supper. A few of the educated men have obtained employment teaching children in private homes, while others get a few hours work daily in shops and in different public offices.

In China today the number of orphans and homeless children, resulting from the Japanese invasion, is legion. The care of this multitude is a problem to which Madame Chiang Kai Shek has been devoting her best energies, and in which she has been zealously supported by the Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Zanin. Hundreds have been received into Catholic institutions throughout the country. The Sisters of Saint Joseph at Chihkiang volunteered to Madame Chiang to take the permanent care of 25 girls, as many as could be crowded into their small quarters. These are already residing with their new-found benefactors. The Sisters of Charity have offered their commodious house in Wuki to Madame Chiang, where they are prepared to receive 100. This will raise the number of orphans cared for by the Vicariate to 325.

Wherever there are refugees gathered together, there will be all manner of sickness; there will be some cases needing special care; some demanding even professional attention. Also there is every probability that some of our cities will be bombed. It is to meet these eventualities that two hospitals of thirty beds apiece, one in Yüanling, and one in Chihkiang, are being organized as emergency measures. These hospitals will be under the care of the Sisters of Charity and the Sisters of Saint Joseph. With present communications and transportation in such a confused state, it is proving by no means an easy task to obtain necessary medicines and the merest essentials in equipment for these two institutions. Two foreign-trained Chinese doctors and a staff of native trained-nurses will co-operate with the Sisters in this work.

THE advent of so many refugees into these parts has meant the spread of disease to an entirely unparalleled degree. Not even in famine times has our Vicariate had so much sickness as during the past summer months. From early spring, cholera, malaria, dysentery and typhoid have been epidemic. All during the torrid months, cholera swept from place to

place claiming thousands of victims. Many of our good Christians were struck down by the dread disease. Missionaries and Sisters rose magnificently to the occasion, and without thought of personal danger, threw themselves into the fight against the cholera pestilence. Thousands of anti-cholera injections have already been administered by the missionaries in their stations, and by the Sisters in their central dispensaries as well as in neighboring towns and villages. Countless lives have been saved by these heroic labors, and an example of Christ-like charity has been given to the pagan population which shall in God's good time bear its abundant fruit.

As an illustration of this work, 2,000 refugees were sent, in the early spring, to one city near the western borders of the province. They had neither doctors nor nurses to care for them. We have a resident missionary there, and to him the sick flocked for relief. Hours everyday were spent in ministering to them. Then when the inevitable cholera broke out, the local magistrate sent everyone to the Mission to be inoculated. The strain resulting from the care of so many sick, from giving some 2,000 injections, and from

Old and young non-combatants have suffered greatly in the undeclared war in China. Here two are watching the planes which have spread wings of death over the city. After the raids many of these homeless people wandered westward into Hunan.

To relieve some of the misery and suffering which they see daily, our missionaries are appealing to readers of **THE SIGN** for financial help. Will you please send your offering to: The Hunan Relief Fund—**THE SIGN**, Union City, N. J.

WIDE WORLD PHOTO





Triplets presented to Yüanling Orphanage

the routine worries of the Mission, proved too great for a constitution already weakened by months of anxiety during a prolonged bandit siege. Having given the last ounce of strength to the sufferers within his mission district, little wonder was it that the missionary had a complete physical breakdown.

The story of the relief activities during the past three summer months, could better and more briefly be told by the recorded figures. During this period, the two communities of Sisters treated 40,500 cases in their dispensaries; 5,155 visits were made to private homes; 1,025 baptisms were administered to adults and infants in danger of death. To these totals must be added the medical work being done by all the missionaries in their several stations, for which the statistics are not yet at hand.

NOWHERE was the work of the Sisters more fruitful and appreciated than among the soldiers. All during a long and scorching summer, a continuous movement of troops was in progress across our Vicariate. Many of these enlisted men would arrive in a city where the Sisters resided, physically exhausted after their prolonged marches, some desperately ill, others dying. At any hour, and in all weathers, the Sisters would go among them administering their saving medicines, regarded by their grateful patients as true angels of mercy.

And what is the cost of all this, you may ask? The allowance for each refugee is ten cents, local currency, a day—that is, three Chinese dollars per month. In allotting this sum we are following the practice fixed by certain government bureaus,

and which obtains wherever relief work is being done today in China. This determined amount we may not alter, even though we wished to, without serious complications. Ten cents a day barely buys necessary food; it may seem to you but a mere trifle. But when this paltry sum is multiplied by hundreds and runs into weeks and months, it reaches a very substantial total, and the resulting drain upon the mission funds becomes an extremely heavy one.

The mere food bill of 475 refugees is N.C. \$1,425.00 a month, or N.C. \$17,100.00 per year. This does not allow for most necessary camp equipments, as beds, stoves and sanitation; another N.C. \$1,500.00 must be added for these indispensables; nor are we counting here the hundreds of refugees that will pour in upon us should the expected crisis in Hunan arise. Then there are always some among the refugees whose condition demands special considera-



Curious youngsters view the triplets

tion; it is clothes for one, more food for another, and a blanket for a third. The bill for refugee extras will not be less than N.C. \$2,000.00. The war orphans, being permanent wards of the Vicariate, must have nourishing food and be decently clad; beds and bedding must be purchased for them. For this item we may be able to scrape through the year on N.C. \$8,250.00. Equipping and running the two emergency hospitals will require N.C. \$18,000.00. Finally the medicine bill for our dispensaries comes to N.C. \$4,500.00. This makes a grand total of N.C. \$51,350.00. At present average of exchange, it means nine thousand three hundred and thirty-six American dollars (U. S. \$9,336.00.)

This money will enable us to stretch out a helping hand to hundreds of Christ's suffering poor—to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked and to comfort the sick; it will enable us, God's grace supporting, to

assist many in finding peace of soul in the bosom of Mother Church; it will enable us, lastly, to give such a convincing proof of Christian charity as shall live on in the memory of the people and be for us a concrete, irrefragable answer to the ever-growing Communistic propaganda.

I HAVE WRITTEN at great length, yet I feel I have failed miserably to give you anything like an adequate picture of the vastness of the sufferings with which we are surrounded. Of these people can it be said with the Prophet: "great as the sea is thy sorrow." The appeals for help are importunate; they are incessant. We would be less than human did we turn a deaf ear. Before this immense and instant need, the Church in China is exclaiming with St. Paul: "For a great door and evident is open unto me." This multitudinous cry of want, so pitiable and so heartrending, is our unique and providential opportunity. We give our time and our energies without stint, for of these, thank God, there is a well-nigh inexhaustible store. But the financial burden of sheltering and feeding this army of destitute is already depleting our resources, and is the occasion of grave concern for the future. It would be cruel indeed to be forced by lack of means to shut down our refugee camps and to set these homeless victims once more adrift; it would be crueler still to be forced to close the door of Faith in the face of so many for whom it is just beginning to open. We shall carry on, however, so long as we have something to share with these unfortunates, trusting that our Catholic people in America, and our friends of THE SIGN, who have in the past so staunchly supported our cause, will again come to our aid in this day of greatest need.



Not triplets these—but three hungry little orphans

Cholera and War Orphans

By THE SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH

EVERYONE was greatly concerned when city officials, wishing to prevent an epidemic of cholera, distributed copies of health rules to be observed during the summer months: Do not eat raw fruits or vegetables; drink boiled water; do not allow refuse to accumulate; swat the fly.

There were general "Clean Up" days, and people were seen carrying a fly swatter instead of a fan as they walked along the street. In spite of these precautions the germs made their way into the city.

"Ten men died at the airport yesterday," was the message that came to the Mission. Catholic Action began immediately and we were privileged to participate in it.

We were not allowed to enter the field where the men were working, so we visited the camps where they slept. These were shacks near the airport, temples and private homes both within and without the city wall. Wherever they could find shelter, the thousands of workmen lodged. Many of the victims were carried to these places as soon as they became sick.

Nor did the disease confine itself to the airdrome. Swiftly it gained entrance into the families of both merchant and coolie. In a few homes the coffins of both parents stood side by side waiting for an auspicious day for burial while the corpses of the children were carried out and interred without delay.

Ordinarily there is a deathlike stillness at night in interior China. There are no traffic noises, no voices of crowds returning from places of amusement. There is none of that din which causes wakeful hours in the United States. But during the epidemic the explosion of fireworks, the clash of cymbals, the blowing of clarions and beating of drums disturbed our sleep every night and told that bonzes were performing funeral rites for some departed soul.

For weeks our dispensary had displayed a sign stating that anti-cholera injections were given there. This notice was heeded by few until the people saw their neighbors, apparently well in the morning, cold in death at night.

Then they flocked to the Mission. "Ta chen! Ta chen!" (Injection! Injection!) rang through the air. Usu-

ally from two to three hundred hypodermics were given daily but one day the number went over five hundred.

We made our sick calls in the morning and were "On call" the rest of the day as the various families sent for a Sister to see their sick. At evening when the laborers returned from work we went out to find those who were stricken that day.

In addition to those who had cholera, there were many who imagined they had it and these nearly died of fright. One morning shortly after midnight, the members of the compound were awakened by some one pounding furiously at the gate and calling, "Please, Sister, see a dying person!" Two of the Sisters hurried off with the messenger to find a woman who was not even seriously sick. The poor creature had walked from the country in the intense heat. When at night she began vomiting, the family were sure she had the dreadful disease.

The epidemic has made us see Chihkiang as it really is—Chihkiang in all her paganism and paganism in all that word implies. We cannot but recall Our Lord's words: "By this shall all men know that you are My disciples, if you have love one for another." They are not His disciples. Many of them have never even heard

His Holy Name so we are not surprised to find the absence of charity. Not surprised, but none the less grieved, are we to see human beings while in their last agony turned out of the house.

We heard of a woman who was rushed off to the country at two o'clock in the morning that she might die at home. Many others had to lie on the flagstones at the very gate of one whom they called "Friend" or "Master." Anyone who was not a member of the immediate family was dismissed as soon as he contracted the disease and had to remain on the street until death brought relief or the Catholic Mission took care of him.

THE men's catechumenate which was closed for the summer, was converted into a temporary lazaretto. Patients who came to the dispensary and who were too sick to leave the Mission as well as those found on the street were cared for there. These were spared the additional suffering inflicted upon those whose relatives tried to save them by torture. This was intended as medical treatment but was not unlike that of which we read in the lives of the early martyrs, and must have greatly increased the agony of the sufferers.

While passing a lotus pond, two of the Sisters saw a brown object bobbing up and down in the water. It did not take long to discover it to be a cholera patient who, to get relief from the raging fever, had rolled into the pond and was drowning while his companions stood by and laughed at him. The Sisters managed to get him to the bank and baptize him before he expired.

Sister asked for water with which to prepare medicine for a sick man whom she met on the road. Crowds gathered around and commented on her not being afraid to touch the afflicted one but none of them would give him a cup of water.

Although they do not know God, the pagans were convinced that some supernatural power was needed to remove the evil so they had recourse to various superstitions. Dragon parades were of daily occurrence. As the hideous monster was carried through the streets accompanied by the clang of gongs and



Pagan rites during cholera epidemic



War orphans assigned to the Sisters of St. Joseph in the Passionist Mission of Chihkiang. Your offering will help to support them. Send it to: The Hunan Relief Fund, THE SIGN, Union City, N. J.

bursting of fireworks, the head of each family came out and reverently burned false money and joss sticks before it to implore its protection.

Another ceremony they made use of was this: In a certain house three altars were erected and laden with food. Six pagan priests performed rites there. Then, playing on flutes, they proceeded in single file to the river bank. Here again there were services supposed to give the water power to preserve from illness.

IN THE midst of this paganism it was consoling to see the fervor of the Christians. One evening we were at supper when Chang Ruth, a woman from the country, entered the refectory. We were surprised to see her as her home is a day's walk from the city. Someone asked, "Did you come to get the anti-cholera injection?" We were most edified to hear her answer, "No. Many people are dying out at our place so I came to go to confession and Holy Communion!"

Cholera raged for two weeks and then gradually disappeared. It may be looked upon as an evil but in reality it has been the means of many souls entering heaven. The record of this Mission for July shows three hundred and forty baptisms.

During this time none of our Christians contracted the disease. May we not confidently hope that this proof of His special protection will induce the pagans to seek knowledge of the true God?

These are days in China when, for the asking, we can get most anything in the line of refugees if we

can care for them. During the first months of the Sino-Japanese war occasional reports of suffering under a multiplicity of inhuman circumstances reached the interior of this inland province of Hunan. But they were merely "reports." Those who suffered had not yet reached our door-step; but as the enemy war-machine drove deeper into the heart of China, a mass of disgorge humanity made a small bundle of their earthly possessions and fled before it, crowding Mandarin paths, auto roads, packing trains and boats.

The trek of countless thousands of refugees into Hunan had begun. No one has attempted to count the numbers who were forced to stay behind, nor those who died of disease along the dusty winding roads of China, nor those who "caved in" from sheer exhaustion and starvation—these unknown battalions of helpless war victims.

To us Sisters the accumulation of these refugee reports "piled up" numerically though not in a hazy, far-distant, impersonal manner. They forced their way into our minds and hearts in a most intimate and spiritual way. These unfortunates are Chinese—people whom we have come to "minister unto"—human beings like ourselves—our brothers and sisters, not by blood and family ties, but by the far higher principle of true relationship in Christ, our Redeemer. And without wishing to take any credit to ourselves, we nevertheless unhesitatingly state that our contact with the poor of our own mission district over the past several years has taught us that the poor

can feel and do heroic things.

This experience of ours has likewise made us realize that the deeper we enter into our relations with the poor the closer do we find ourselves standing beside them . . . in the eyes of God, an almost exact counterpart. Ever conscious of this greatest common Catholic denominator we are in no wise tempted to ignore the poor, nor to forget that the simplest command of Christ has always been to serve the poor. 'Twas this that brought us face to face with the problem: *How to help China's Refugees*, especially those who have come to us in their distress.

RIGHT off we foresaw that our thirty thousand dispensary cases of the last twelve months will jump to fifty thousand during the next twelve months . . . and this means making provision for nearly twice the amount of medicines to be distributed gratis. We wish it were possible for us to convey to you an adequate description of the disconcerting feeling this vision gave us . . . not because we give out all of our medicine free, but because a dollar nowadays purchases but one-third of the medicine it did last year.

We know pills can be divided, but we doubt the efficacy of miserly doses. We want to do this thing whole-heartedly, as it should be done . . . for the sake of Christ Who comes to us in His poor. If only dollars could be stretched limitlessly . . . we confess a disappointment in old Li Sao Chun, the alchemist under the Emperor Wu, who failed to find the formula for converting cinnabar

into gold. Anyhow, our better trust is placed not in cinnabar but in the Heart of Christ. In this Divine trust we shall go ahead with our dispensary work—yes, and go the limit.

No missionary is true to his vocation who singles out one fact and harps on it "till death doth them part." A missionary vocation, we find, is many-sided and much-demanding. Another thought began to seize hold of us. Couldn't we take in some—at least a handful—of China's millions of war orphans? Take them in, feed them, give them a home, raise them good citizens and good Catholics? There is the Vicariate boys' orphanage—eighty or more boys under the care and direction of zealous Father Nicholas, C.P. These lads of his in another five years will be thinking of marriage... ah! what a work of charity it would be for us to help provide them with "the better half," Catholic at that, by taking in a limited number of war orphan girls from the ages of nine to twelve. With an eye to the future good of the Vicariate we petitioned our good Bishop Cuthbert O'Gara for his counsel in the matter.

QUICKLY the answer came. A letter was sent off to Madame Chiang Kai Shek, President of the China War Relief Committee, at Hankow. On August twenty-sixth a letter from the Committee told us that the children would be sent to us as soon as possible, but asking if we could meet these children at Changsha, Hunan, and see to their transportation to Chihkiang. After more consultation—how much of it we are obliged to do!—it was decided that a responsible person could be sent, but that we could not guarantee the passage of these orphans over the Hunan bus roads, because of a congestion of trucks engaged in moving military supplies. Whether it took us so long a time to decide or whether the mails were delayed... anyway, the bus load of orphan girls pulled up at our door the day after we dispatched the telegram.

Of all the surprises that have fallen into our lives all these years in China, none equalled that of seeing twenty-five youngsters file military fashion into the Mission, each child dressed in "jumper overalls," a small bundle of clothes and a tin cup slung over their shoulders, with number one in the line bearing a white banner that read: "War-time Orphan Protective Association, First Division Distributed to Chihkiang, One Group."

Miss Fan, their chaperon, called the line into formation and forth-

with they gave us the salute... and solemnly bowed their heads to us. Dusty and dirty, hungry and wan, hair tousled, faces tanned... these poor "little ones" gazed at us with an expression that made our hearts flush up into our eyes... and if the truth be told, one Sister went to her room and expressed her agony (or was it joy) at the foot of the Crucifix... China suffering had come to us!!

THAT evening at Benediction—the first Friday—a peace not known to the worldly stole into our hearts as we knelt before the Sacred Heart in the exposed Blessed Sacrament. We offered to Jesus, Who so dearly loves children, the lives of these "little ones," now our charges. Again, we knew we had done something for Him... why worry about the means required for the upkeep, the care and education of these poor little ones that really belong to Him? He will see to it that we fulfill an obligation assumed for His sake.

When the excitement subsided, the realization that she was an orphan dawned upon one little girl and she burst into tears. One by one her companions took up the cry. In vain did we try to comfort them until an elderly Christian woman stepped up and with a tone of authority said, "Don't cry! Everybody will laugh at you and you will have no 'face'." Silence followed but tears continued to flow. Without doubt there is only one way to dry weeping Chinese eyes... a steaming bowl of rice, to which on this occasion was added to the usual two bowls of vegetables, a bowl of fish.

Appetites satisfied, refreshing baths taken, a few rides on the swing and the girls were ready to sing for us. If you wish to hear war songs rendered with feeling, just listen to a group of war orphans!

They have now been with us four days and seem to be quite contented. We noticed that a few of them were wearing medals. Catholics! we thought. But no, they met a Sister who told them about our Blessed Mother and gave them medals assuring them that Our Lady protects those who confide in her.

With ears ever attuned to the siren they paid no attention to the ringing of bells throughout the city until Sister announced, "Air Raid Signal!" (It was only their third day in the Mission and they had not yet learned that Chihkiang has no siren.) In an instant every child was in the appointed place of refuge. Unlike our other girls, they were accustomed to real air raids and came to this drill

with their little bundles containing all they possess, a few ragged clothes... but they guarded them as treasures.

School uniforms are now being made for them and they are doing their share of the sewing. Sister Mary Mark had stored away bolts of material for clothing and shoes which she knew would be needed immediately. Her foresight in preparing against a surprise arrival of the orphans also prompted her to put in an order for bamboo beds, wooden wash basins, tubs, unbreakable rice bowls and chopsticks.

Sister Rosario also, in anticipation of our addition to the orphanage, had been occupied in sorting out school books, cleaning class rooms, moving desks... crowding more of them into each room than either school laws or health laws permit but remembering that "this is China."

At first we contented ourselves with trying to learn the pronunciation of the orphans' names without bothering about the translation of them until we should have more time. But one little girl informed us that she had changed her name. "When?" asked Sister. "Just now," was the answer. "Why?" "Because it was not good to hear." Then we began to investigate. Certainly some of the names had to be changed. Two had names given to slaves; the name of one has a superstitious meaning; three or four answered to boys' names; and one child had no name at all but was called, "Big Sister."

IT WILL be of special interest to you to read the hearty commendation Madame Chiang Kai Shek gave: Headquarters of the Generalissimo Hankow, China

16 August 1938

Dear Sister Christina,

... I want to take this opportunity to thank you for the interest you and the other Sisters are taking in these little ones, and also for the marvelous work and sacrificial spirit of all the Catholic priests and Sisters who help us in our national crisis.

Yours sincerely,

May Ling Soong Chiang
(Madame Chiang Kai Shek)

Scarcely had the orphans arrived in the Mission when the mailman brought a five dollar money order that was sent by a kind benefactor in the United States, for an adoption. Thus encouraged, we again most earnestly ask your help and prayers that these little pagans may become fervent Christians. Our harvest will depend much on you!

Uncle's Christmas Gift

By DONA BELLE COSTELLO

Illustrated by WILLIAM SMITH

THE WOMAN came silently out of the great, gray stone house, with its many lighted windows gleaming against the night. A current of warm, richly scented air stole after her, carrying gay voices and laughter; then the door closed behind her and all was still.

She stood a moment, uncertainly, at the head of the steps. From across the city a clock struck, the strokes breaking with chiseled clearness on the frosty air, ringing out the half hour before midnight on Christmas Eve. A little flurry of snow blew up into her face from the street below, died away, and again the white silence enfolded her.

Wrapping the soft warmth of her mink coat more closely about her, she glanced back at the shining windows of the house. Her gaze dwelt for a moment upon the glistening holly wreaths silhouetted against the golden rectangles of light, and she smiled—a little, twisted smile that tugged unhappily at her lips. Swiftly she descended the steps and, with head slightly bent to see her way on the icy pavement, walked with hastening steps up the lamplit street.

So intent was the woman upon keeping her footing, and upon her own thoughts, that she did not see the ragged old man until she had almost collided with him and his little ramshackle, floundering wagon.

Quickly she raised her head and at sight of her face he touched his cap. It was a lovely face he saw, barring the hardening discontent which lay like a thin veil upon lips and eyes—and the voice with which she spoke to him was touched with music, gentle, caressing.

"Why, why, you blessed old soul!"

Her eyes swept compassionately over the thin, bent form, with its meager covering, and the little wagon, within which lay a few lumps of coal. In his hand was the handle, which had broken loose.

At her words, a smile of childlike pleasure lighted his face.

"Thankee, miss, thankee. Merry Chris'mus, miss."

"Thank you." Automatically her lips started to echo his greeting, but she stopped. How could one wish a

Merry Christmas to a forlorn old creature like this? Her eyes rested upon the handle in his hand.

"I see your wagon's broken. Are you going to be able to fix it?"

His simple, childlike gaze followed her own.

"Ef I jes had sumpin to tie dem togedder, I cud—"

Once again her eyes swept over him. Impulsively she drew from around her throat a filmy scarf.

"Here, take this. That should hold them together."

"Oh, miss—"

"Yes, take it." In her soft voice there was a note of authority, as she cut short his protest.

His eyes alight, he took the scarf from her hand. There was a deep tone of satisfaction, tinged with longing, in his voice, as he murmured to himself, "Dat's de way young miss done talk to me—lak I b'long'd to her."

He bent over the wagon, but his gnarled hands, stiff from the cold, fumbled helplessly with the scarf.

Swiftly the woman leaned toward him and, taking it from his hand, began deftly to bind the handle into place.

"Miss," he protested anxiously, "you-all is gwine to be late whar you wuz boun' fo'—doin' dat fo' me—"

Her eyes were fleetingly upon him. In their depths was a hint of unshed tears, drowning the bitterness which flickered there.

"I wasn't going any place. I was coming from some place," she said.

Suddenly from the brightly lighted house far down the street there came a burst of gay dance music, clear on the still air. The woman and the darky turned toward the sound.

T' PEARLS lak dey's havin' a Chris'mas pa'ty."

"Yes." Bitterness now touched her voice, as she echoed his words, "A Christmas party."

She looked down to tie the knot.

It was then that her glance fell upon his feet. Quickly again her eyes were warm, compassionate. Mother in Heaven! He might as well be barefoot! In this bitter cold!

"Uncle, your feet, they must be

frozen!" she said, looking down at his broken remnants of shoes.

"Oh, missy!"

Tears came suddenly into the old eyes, tears which the biting cold had failed to draw.

"Oh, missy!" he repeated, "now it sho' do seem lak Chris'mus, to heah' you-all say dat word, Uncle. I jes don' wan' nothin' else. Mah young miss done call me Uncle."

The woman's face broke into lovely lines, as she smiled. Gently she asked, "And what happened to your young miss, Uncle?"

The term now fell softly, warmly, on the frosty air.

"She's daid, missy, an' ol' miss, too. Seem lak de ha'd times done come." His brow wrinkled. "Young miss wuz allers a delicate chile, an' she got po'ly. Ol' miss done tol' me she bleeze fo' to have some bracin' air, an' we done what we cud to git de money fo' to send her whar she'd git it, but befo' we 'ceded, she done pass away. An' right atter dat, ol' miss done foller."

AND don't you have anyone to look out for you now?"

"Yas, indeedy, missy, I sho' has. I's got chillun an' gran'chillun."

"But—"

"Chris'mus sho' wud'n be nothin' at all widout de chillun."

The woman made no answer, only drew her coat more closely about her.

"Is you-all got any chillun, missy?"

"No." Her voice, uttering the word, vibrated on a discordant, jarring note, as though he touched an unexpected chord.

The wise old eyes were for a moment searchingly upon her. "Chris'mus ain't Chris'mus less'n you got chillun to do fo'," he repeated softly. "Dat Chris' Chile who wuz done born on Chris'mus jes make it seem lak Chris'mus ain't nothin' widout dem."

"But children are a tremendous responsibility, Uncle."

"Sho' dey is, missy. But seem lak de Lawd done show us de way to tote de load. I 'spec' He mus' 'a' feel mighty weary, sometimes, de Lawd, lookin' ahaid befo' creation, when He see how fractious some uv His

chillun gwine to be. Seem lak He mus' 'a' pondered right smart, thinkin' ef it wuz goin' to be wuff all de trouble."

"Bless your heart!" A smile tugged at the woman's lips, but her eyes glistened.

"But 'ca'se He know'd He'd love His chillun, I reckon, fractious or no, de Lawd 'cided to go ahaid wid His 'rangements, 'pears lak, an' I's mighty thankful He did—'ca'se it's done give dis ol' sinnah a chance to live an' praise de Lawd."

"Why, yes, Uncle!" Into his earnest old eyes her own gaze plunged, as she spoke slowly, breathlessly. "I never thought of it quite like that before!"

"You know, missy," the soft, gentle voice continued, "when I thinks how dat Chris' Chile done come down an' let Hisse'f be cold an' treated lak po' white trash—an' de pries' say He'd 'a' done it jes fo' me—dey ain't nothin' I cud do wud make me fit fo' to even tech de hem uv His gyarment." His voice dropped, reverently. "An' someways, His bein' a little chile make me feel dat on de night befo' Chris'mus all chillun is ve'y close to de Chris' Chile, an' I's blessed 'ca'se I's got dem about me."

"Yes." For a long moment the woman looked at him, then softly she repeated, "Yes." Her voice was suddenly like that of a little child—a little child hungry, wistful in its quest, as her gaze dwelt upon him. "You're happy, aren't you?"

"Co'se I's happy, missy." The old eyes were shining in the dim light, wise in the wrinkled face. "I has mah chillun, an' I's got somethin' beah fo' to make a fire,"—he looked gratefully at the few lumps of coal in the little wagon.

"Uncle," she said swiftly, "You must come to the house tomorrow—it's that big one on the corner—I want to give you something for Christmas." She added, low to herself, "As you have given me."

She looked down at his feet.

"I want you to have some shoes—some nice, warm ones."

The smile faded.

"Oh, no, missy, thankee jes de same. I don't wan' no yuther shoes. I's grateful to de good Lawd fo' lettin' me be lak de Blessed Saviour"—he glanced down at the miserable covering on his feet—"who didn't have no coverin' fo' His foots, an' Who wuz weary." His eyes shone with triumph. "I thanks de Lawd fo' lettin' me suffah a mite lak Jesus."

The simple words he had spoken seemed to pulse in the snow-charged air, like notes of music will sometimes linger on after the chords



Her eyes swept compassionately over the thin, bent form

of the instrument have been struck. She could almost feel their impact, warm and softly radiant, gently illumining her mind and heart.

For a long moment she stood, lost in the warmth and security and knowledge which seemed suddenly enfolding her, the old darky silent in the snow, his eyes resting humbly upon her face.

They were alone in a white world of silence.

At last the woman, reaching out her hand, laid it lightly on his ragged sleeve. "Merry Christmas, Uncle."

"Merry Chris'mas to you, missy."

The soft old voice came sweetly

on the frosty air. Then he turned and trudged away into the night.

She watched the patient, wizened figure out of sight, then for a long time she stood, looking at the footprints before her. The veil of discontent had lifted from her face, showing its beauty, as the glory of her thoughts transfigured it.

"Dear Lord," she prayed, walking lightly over the snow, "renew me. I have been so selfish."

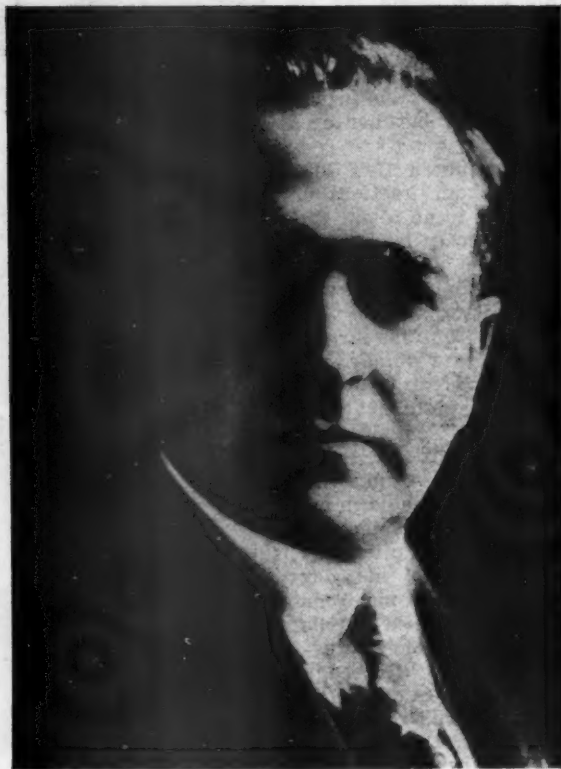
As if in answer to her prayer, the Christmas bells broke forth, chime upon chime, proclaiming a new birth—a new-born King, the Christ, the Son of God. It was midnight.

ON TOP of the Standard Oil Building, which commands a magnificent view of the Bay of Rio de Janeiro, there is a luncheon club called the Half-Way House. Just why it should be called "Half-Way" I don't know, unless the organizers, regaling themselves with strawberries and ice cream in the middle of the so-called Brazilian Winter, believe that they have discovered an inn which is an ante-chamber of Paradise. It was here I met Frank Garcia, correspondent of the *New York Times* and one of the ablest newspapermen of South America. Politics, like the serpent, wound its way into the conversation which ensued among businessmen and journalists in this miniature Garden of Eden.

"Is President Getulio Vargas a dictator?" was one of the first questions that arose.

"I'd rather call him the Roosevelt of the United States of Brazil," replied Garcia. "Vargas and F. D. R. could be twin brothers. They have the same political shrewdness, popular appeal and serene, happy outlook. Vargas is rarely ruffled; his sense of humor carries him through difficult or embarrassing situations; his knowledge of mass psychology is acute. He enjoys public office quite as much as the gentleman in the White House in Washington and probably is as little inclined to relinquish his authority."

This is a fairly sound characterization. Getulio Vargas most decidedly is not a dictator on the European model. He lacks the Grand Opera style of Mussolini and would never dream of imitating the strident, solemn airs of *Der Fuehrer*. Still less is the President of Brazil inclined to wrap himself in the Oriental seclusion of a Stalin, Autocrat of All the Russias. "Uncle Getulio," as he is affectionately called by the citizens of Rio de Janeiro, knows he would only look grotesque surrounded by Elite guards or members of the OGPU. He feels more at home listening to a song-fest by school children than in reviewing battalions of the Brazilian Army. In other words, he is more like a professional politician, temporarily forced into the rôle of



INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO

A recent portrait of Getulio Vargas, President of Brazil

Brazil's F. D. R.

Getulio Vargas Bears So Strong a Resemblance to Our President That He Might Be Called the F. D. R. of Brazil

By JOSEPH F. THORNING

"the Strong Man of Brazil," than a man of destiny obsessed by the idea that his term of office marks a turning point in history.

It must not be forgotten, however, that President Getulio Vargas is ruling Brazil without benefit of Congress. Both the Senate and Chamber of Deputies are taking an enforced vacation. The administration is carrying on by executive decree; while effective criticism is squelched by suspension of the constitutional guarantees of free speech, free assembly and free press. "Uncle Getulio" can be a stern disciplinarian, if he wishes. Since last November he has been the "benevolent despot" according to the mind of Aristotle. He makes sure that his policies are popular and then he drives them home with a fervor and a determina-

tion that are a bit startling to the easy-going, peace-loving citizens of Brazil.

For a number of years the more thoughtful people of the Republic have been convinced that national unity was not only something highly desirable, but an urgent necessity. The sovereign States of the Federation were as jealous of their rights and prerogatives as were North and South Carolina in pre-Civil War days. Brazil never had a war between the States to cement national sentiment. Consequently, prior to the Vargas régime, there was a real danger that one or other of the more powerful States, like Sao Paulo, would split off from the central Government, initiating a movement that might easily have culminated in the actual dismemberment of the most

extensive Republic in either North or South America. This was a situation which Vargas grasped, or as some would say, exploited.

The possibilities of the case were the more dynamic inasmuch as substantial bodies of foreigners were establishing themselves in the richer areas of the Federation. The German immigrants set up a flourishing farming community in the State of Rio Grande do Sul; they are among the most active planters and merchants in Santa Catharina, nor are they overshadowed in the business life of the capital. Nazi influence (some claim Nazi money) prompted the rise of the *Integralistas* (Green Shirts) under Plinio Salgado, a clever youthful organizer.

IMMIGRANTS from Italy were prominent in the cultural and artistic life of Sao Paulo where Jews, arrivals for the most part from Central Europe, piled a lucrative traffic in retail trade. Japanese, engaged in truck farming and fruit growing, were fully as successful as their compatriots in the environs of San Francisco and Los Angeles. Is it any wonder that Brazil applauded when the Vargas administration waded straight into this problem, establishing quotas for foreign immigration much on the pattern of the United States' legislation of 1924?

It happened that my own voyage to South America afforded a striking illustration of the new outlook on immigration south of the Equator. At Trieste hundreds of Jews, refugees from Austria, embarked on our liner. Not one disembarked in Rio de Janeiro nor in any other port of Brazil. They were all headed for Buenos Aires. Shortly after their arrival in the capital of Argentina these unfortunate people discovered that they had entered the Promised Land just in the

nick of time, inasmuch as all further permits for immigration were canceled. This is most distressing for prospective immigrants, but it shows that even a constitutional Republic like Argentina has been forced to follow the example of her neighbor to the north. Public opinion, not dictatorship, was the decisive factor in both countries with respect to this change of policy which may fitly be described as revolutionary in the sphere of immigration.

Another sphere in which President Vargas has shown vigorous leadership is that of securing a market for Brazil's exportable surplus of goods. Coffee ranks high on this list. Everybody remembers that not so long ago huge bonfires were made of choice Sao Paulo coffee berries. One bag was burned for every one that was stored or shipped abroad. This was supposed to be an infallible method for freezing prices at a level that would provide a handsome profit for the Brazilian growers. In point of fact, it stimulated further coffee

planting, increased production and progressively lowered prices! In the meantime, a number of Brazil's foreign markets began to buy coffee from other countries.

PRESIDENT VARGAS has resolutely put a stop to the destruction of wealth to create wealth. He is putting the coffee industry back on its own feet. As a result it has been possible to meet competitive prices and re-capture a number of lucrative markets. Emphasis is also being placed upon plant culture, selective breeding and higher quality. Both the planters and bankers wanted this policy for a long time, but it took Vargas to give it effect.

In Rio de Janeiro itself notable improvements have been undertaken. Telephone, telegraph and power lines that were an eyesore have been ordered underground and the orders have been promptly fulfilled. Citizens who had groused for years about the unsightliness of the poles and wires now admiringly comment that "Uncle

Getulio is certainly a President who gets things done."

The administration is popular in army circles, at least in the officer class, because salaries have been increased in the upper brackets. When I inquired whether the wages of enlisted men would benefit by a similar policy, I was told that this was unlikely. To my mind, this may prove to be one of the mistakes of the government, for in case of serious trouble the rank-and-file will be called upon to expose their lives. The sons of wealthier families secure exemption from military service by payment of a bonus or fee. This means that the bulk of the army is composed of mulattos. Viewing a military parade on the Avenida Rio Branco, the principal boulevard of Rio de Janeiro, I could not fail to be impressed by the dark com-



UNDERWOOD-STRATTON PHOTO

A view of Botofogo Bay in Rio de Janeiro

plexions of most of the soldiers in artillery, cavalry and infantry units. Turning to an English gentleman, long a resident of Brazil, I asked him whether he had any misgivings on the color composition of the Brazilian armed forces. His reply was impressive:

"That is a question that has often arisen in my mind in recent years. As I read the signs of the times, it is short-sightedness for the young men of good family to shirk their term in the ranks. The Brazilian population as a whole may be growing whiter, but the army is assuming a duskier hue from year to year. One fine morning the enlisted men themselves will notice this and then it will be too bad for the rest of us."

ORDERS have been placed for the construction of three or four new warships for Brazil. This pleases the Navy officers who have been agitating that the Brazilian coastline, the longest in the Western Hemisphere, needs gunboats and cruisers for proper protection. A few critics are mean enough to describe the above-mentioned favors to the Army and Navy as "hush money" or "blackmail." The fact is that the expenditure for armaments in South America is trivial compared to the treasure lavished upon the arms race in Europe.

One feature of the Vargas program upon which there is general agreement is the campaign against Communism. Native and foreign-born newspaper men, diplomats, business men and ordinary citizens assured me that Bolshevism had offered a serious threat to the peace and prosperity of the nation in 1930 when President Vargas first came into power. Due to governmental firmness the evil has been almost completely squelched. Public agitation is practically unknown, while the little Communist literature that is in circulation is poor in quality and limited in volume.

"Uncle Getulio," however, is far from satisfied that his mission in this field has been fulfilled. He is as vocal as ever on the subject of Marxism and he assured this correspondent that there was not the slightest possibility of Brazil opening up diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union. He made it clear that he looks upon Russian Embassies and consular offices as sources of political infection as well as propaganda centres. This is a matter of some importance, because in Uruguay, Brazil's next-door neighbor to the south, the Communists have made their most notable gains, especially

in the ideological sphere, in the whole South American continent.

Two factors have helped in the fight against Communism. One is the richness of Brazil's natural resources, which provide food in abundance for all willing to put forth the slightest effort; the other is the natural disinclination the Brazilian feels to all forms of extremism and violence. Portuguese culture, which is dominant in Brazil, sets great store by moderation, reasonableness and compromise. The last thing a Brazilian wishes to permit is the shedding of blood. This may be seen in the relatively light sentences meted out to those found guilty of attempted murder (against the President!) in last May's abortive revolt. In any other country, the army officers implicated in a plot of this gravity would have been given short shrift. In Brazil the trials were delayed until public indignation had been allowed to cool and then the accused were treated more like misguided school-boys detected in robbing an apple orchard than like conspirators found engaged in an armed uprising against the majesty of the state. Consequently, the frantic, semi-hysterical attempts of a few imported Marxist agitators to foment class hatred were regarded by the Brazilian populace with a sense of amused tolerance.

At the same time, it cannot be overlooked that living conditions, especially upon the plantations, can be vastly improved. Workers' wages, even in the categories of skilled labor, do not exceed twenty *milreis*, or barely one dollar a day. Although food is cheap, a wage scale as limited as this does not afford intelligent, industrious workers an opportunity for saving any considerable sum of money for old age or temporary periods of unemployment.

UNDER these circumstances it is gratifying to find that the Archbishops and Bishops of Brazil are placing principal emphasis upon the positive phases of the Christian program of social reconstruction. While in Rio de Janeiro it was this correspondent's good fortune to have a number of conferences with Father Leopoldo Brentano, S.J., who has organized hundreds of workingmen's centres throughout Brazil. Father Brentano states that every worker in the Federation is now able to keep in touch with these centres in order to gain a fuller knowledge of the Papal Encyclicals and to avail himself of the credit unions, co-operatives and medical units that are functioning under Catholic auspices.

His Eminence, Cardinal Leme, is profoundly convinced of the value of this apostolate, having given it his full blessing and support.

A final question concerns the extent of Nazi influence in Brazil. Were the Germans vitally interested in the so-called *coup d'état* of President Getulio Vargas last November? If so, what happened to alienate them from the President? Did they in their disappointment share complicity in the attempt on Vargas' life last May? These are challenging questions and fortunately they can be answered with a high degree of truth and realism.

Although "Uncle Getulio" probably would not like to recall the fact at the present juncture, he is credited with having known pretty thoroughly how active and helpful the Nazis were in establishing the Vargas dictatorship. He was willing enough to utilize the *Integralistas* one year ago. He had been impressed by their semi-military organization, by the talents of their chieftain, Plinio Salgado, and by their claims that a word of command could summon 300,000 young men for active service at a moment's notice.

ONCE Vargas had consolidated his position, however, he found that some of these claims were exaggerated and that public opinion in the rest of the Americas, especially in the United States, did not favor close collaboration with the *Integralistas* who were associated in the popular mind with Nazi gold and Nazi tactics. It is possible that the American Ambassador, the Hon. J. H. Jefferson Caffery, one of the ablest career men in the United States diplomatic service, played a discreet rôle in bringing some of these facts to the attention of responsible officials. The hint was not misplaced. The *Integralistas* were jettisoned; in retaliation they struck directly at the chief magistrate. Their failure was the death struggle of Nazism in Brazil.

President Vargas, having achieved his independence of factions and political parties, is now engaged in welding the United States of Brazil, sprawling over half a continent, into a unified, national state that can exploit almost limitless natural wealth. For this reason, Jim Marshall, feature writer of *Collier's* calls "Uncle Getulio," aptly enough, "the man with the screw-driver." Vargas is tightening up the screws on a huge, lumbering machine, which, if it ever gets into the stage of mass production, will be able to rival the industry and agriculture of "the Colossus of the North."

The Church and Property

Unless the Teachings of the Catholic Church On the Rights and Limits of Property Are Accepted and Applied, Our Present Civilization Cannot Survive

By HILAIRE BELLOC

IN THE issue between the Catholic Church and the modern world the problems of the immediate future turn mainly on the Church's attitude toward Private Property. That is of course only the external and immediate point. Underlying it is the contrast between the whole Catholic philosophy on the one hand and the confused mixture of false philosophies on the other, the main element in which is a sort of materialist pantheism. But for practical purposes we have to consider how and why the Church cannot but come into conflict with two opposing effects of bad philosophy, that is of bad morals, upon the institution of Private Property among men. One fruit of false philosophy here is Communism, another Capitalism in the sense of abuse of wealth and oppression of the masses by concentrated economic power in the hands of a few.

Let us begin by asking what Private Property is:

Private Property in any community is that institution whereby some private controller or controllers of material goods and natural physical forces, produce, and material, are protected in their right of control. The State guarantees by certain laws the right of individuals or corporations to the exclusive use of some parcel of goods or services or natural forces, and prohibits the use of the same by others. In other words Private Property is a function of laws made under the authority of the community. But for such laws Private Property could not exist. It is laws that create and protect the Private Property of an individual, a family, or an association.

Take a concrete instance—a farmer "owns" (1) a field, (2) a sack of seed wheat, (3) a watch. That word "owns" means in practice that the State will punish anyone who proposes to use the field, the wheat or the watch without the farmer's permission. If anyone other than the farmer attempts by force or conspiracy or in any other fashion to enter upon the field and put it to his own uses he can be prosecuted and punished for trespass. If he seizes

the sack of wheat he can be prosecuted and punished for theft; so he can be and will be if he takes the farmer's watch out of his pocket and puts it into his own.

Now why are laws of this kind made?

They are made because, without them, there would be no freedom of action by the individual or the family. Man without property is not fully himself. It is the instinctive recognition of this truth that has caused human society, from the beginning of recorded time, to establish and protect Private Property. Property is moral only because, and insofar as, it helps man to fulfill himself.

This foundation for what are called "the rights of property" has two aspects—one concerning human dignity, the other concerning man as a maker—*Homo Faber*.

SOMEONE must control means of production; not only the soil and natural forces but reserves of food and clothing and housing and the instruments whereby the wealth necessary to human subsistence is produced. If the control be not in private hands it must be in public hands. If it is wholly in public hands then the individual and the family are completely in the power of State officials. They cannot live at all, save by the leave and under the direction of the State. They can only produce subsistence and store it up for future use as servants of the State. They are charges of the State—and that is Communism, a system under which human dignity, the primal right of all men, disappears, as much as it does in a prison or concentration camp. We shall deal in later articles with this point of human dignity, but for the moment we must bear in mind that it is inextricably connected with the institution of property. The individual, the family and its head, the monastic community, the college, the guild—all these must have property under their control if they are to remain themselves.

As to the second point—the connection of property with Man the Maker—the effect of property is

equally clear. Take the case of that which is most clearly a man's own property because it is a man's own creation: a thing which but for him would not be: the case of a Poem. To take that particular case may seem fantastic because we do not think of poetry much in our daily lives, but I take it as a test example because a Poem is so completely bound up with its maker. Indeed the words "Poem" and "Poet" are merely the Greek for "a thing made" and "a maker."

The State, that is the community, guarantees this kind of property by laws called "the law of copyright." If any man other than the poet issues the poem in an altered form, or sells it without letting the poet have his share in the price paid for it, or suppresses it, he is committing the worst kind of fraud and theft. He is injuring the reputation and the due renown of the maker. He is committing a flagrant injustice.

Very important consequences flow from these definitions. We shall see in later articles how property is at its best when it is owned by individuals and families throughout the community. We shall see how it is still a healthy institution when, though only a certain number own, that number is large enough to give its tone to the whole society. We shall see how when property is accumulated in few hands society is poisoned. But of all this later. For the moment we must understand what property is in morals, and how right and rational it is that Property should be maintained as an institution.

NOW the existence of Private Property leads to another consideration: Private Property involves contract. The free owner must be able to sell or buy goods or services and his contract must be protected by the laws. Otherwise the very end for which property exists would fail. The institution of contract is a necessary part of freedom. If you allow men to break their contracts without punishing them you might as well not have property at all.

But there is another consideration

equally important. Property and its rights thus defined must necessarily have limits. In order to act without injustice and in order to remain permanent, in order to make property a living institution throughout the community, it must be limited in two ways: First in the mode of its use and secondly in its extent.

It is commonplace that because a man owns a thing or a natural force he must none the less be constrained from using it to the injury of his fellows. You may rightfully own a hammer and use it for driving in nails, but you must not throw it at another man's head. You may rightfully own a store of wheat but society must see to it that you do not hold up the wheat and prevent its being consumed as human food in time of scarcity (or indeed normally at any other time).

All this goes without saying; but the limits of property in its *extent* as well as in its use are not so self-evident. They need to be particularly noticed. What is true as a principle in one proportion is not true in another. For instance, if one man owns the whole supply of some necessity without which his fellows cannot live, his control is not an example of property. It is the very negation of property. The monopolist is the contradiction of true ownership.

SIMILARLY there must be a limit in the right of contract although the right of contract is a necessary consequence of property and of the freedom which property guarantees. Thus what is called "a Leonine contract" is as much the negation of true contract as monopoly is the negation of true property. A "Leonine" contract is one in which one of the two contracting parties is not really free in his actions, but is under constraint. For example, a man is drowning before my eyes. I have in my hands a slowly deflating tire. I can throw it to him and save him but instead of doing so I ask him to make a contract with me for the use of my property. I call out to him "unless you will promise me all you have got I will hold this life-buoy." As the drowning man sees the thing deflating before his eyes he will get into a panic and promise anything. That is not a true contract and it does not in morals bind the drowning man who makes it. Again any contract in which a material circumstance is hidden from one of the contracting parties is not a true contract, nor is any contract made with a person who is too immature to understand the full bearings of his actions or too ignorant. If I find a valuable picture in an old curiosity

shop, the owner of which has no idea of the value of the picture, and if I buy it from him at say one-fiftieth of its true value, I am committing a theft. There is of course an element of risk in all contracts and the immorality or morality of a contract is always a question of degree, but the point is that contract like property itself is not absolute but relative to right human living.

Now in the midst of these conditions and doubts the Church occupies, as it always does, a central position. It affirms the right of property; it condemns transgressions of that right under the commandment "Thou shalt not steal." The Church will never compromise on that main principle. But because the Church is central the Church also recognizes the limits of property and consequently the limits of contract. The faith, remember, is, in its human activities, the guardian of reality. The Catholic Church has been well called "a window opened on reality" and no man conscious of reality and on his guard against illusion will allow any one right to offend by excess against other rights. Therefore the Faith and the Church as its active instrument must come into conflict not only with the thief and the swindler, not only with the false social theory called Communism, but also with the monopolist and the oppressor who uses economic power to the injury of his fellows.

Moreover the Church and the action on society of the Faith which it defines and teaches cannot but have an indirect effect upon the whole institution of property and contract. A living Catholic society tends of its nature toward a large and wide distribution of property collective and personal. Its ideal would be a society in which every family owned; in which industrial wealth was produced by free guilds, the shareholders in which were true owners; a society in which free communities of other kinds, (for instance, monastic institutions, hospitals, colleges, etc.,) were the controllers of their own wealth. Towards such a society Europe was slowly progressing when the disaster of the Reformation fell. It had taken centuries for the slave state, out of which we all came, to become the state of the peasant, that is the free individual farmer and his family, the monastery, the craft guild and all the rest of it. The Reformation broke up that state of affairs as by an explosion. The evil did not come at once—it had been long preparing, but essentially that

evil was on its social side the destruction of a right view of property collective and individual. If ever the Church recovers that governing voice in the morals of society which is her due and for the action of which she exists in temporal affairs, a society with well-distributed property, collegiate, family and personal will re-arise. It cannot come until a hard battle between the Church in its central moral position and the Extremists has been fought.

In that struggle the Faith will be violently abused and probably persecuted by one or the other party of Extremists: by the Communists or by the Capitalist State—probably by both.

That is only what might be expected. But unless the Catholic attitude on property, its rights and its limits, becomes established there lies nothing before us but an increasing decay, and probably rapid decay, of our civilization.

There is yet another last point in the matter of the Church and property. The opposition of the Church to Communism in no way makes the Church the opponent of all State control over certain sections of goods and natural forces and services. On the contrary sound morals require a certain element of public ownership to act as a sort of fly-wheel and moderator to the economic functions of society. Wherever monopoly is inevitable such monopoly must, in morals, be either directly run by the State or at least supervised by the State. Otherwise the monopoly takes on functions which properly belong to the State. What the limits are of this necessary province of State ownership cannot be defined in the abstract. They differ with the differing conditions of society. The armed forces and the police must always be in the province of public property. So must be the issue of currency on which, especially in the form of bank credit, such discussions are arising in many countries today.

THE question of limits between public and private property must be ever changing with the change of instruments and of their application. But that does not affect the truth that public ownership, while it is a necessity and within its right boundaries an advantage, is an evil when it combats individual property and individual freedom. Public property is not a rule, it is an exception applying only to particular and select areas of action. That it should be universal and therefore the master of all allies is a principle violently opposed to the Catholic mind.

THE SIGN-POST

QUESTIONS + ANSWERS + LETTERS

• The SIGN-POST is a service of instruction in the Catholic Faith and related matters for our subscribers. Letters containing questions should be addressed to The Sign-Post, c/o THE SIGN, Union City, N. J. Please give full name and address as a sign of good faith. Neither initials nor place of residence will be printed except with the writer's consent. • Questions should be about the faith and history of the Catholic Church and related matters. • Questions should be kept separate from other business. • Questions are not answered by personal letter. • Matters of conscience and urgent moral cases should be brought to one's Pastor or Confessor. • Anonymous letters will not be considered.

Literature About Converts

Would you please publish a list of books and pamphlets dealing with converts to the Catholic Church during the last hundred years? I mean short biographies of especially well-known and educated persons. To my mind this is a strong and understandable argument in favor of the Church.—LA.

There are a considerable number of books and pamphlets dealing with conversions to the Church, a few of which we mention here. The prices are net and are approximately correct.

The American Convert Movement (\$2.00) by Edward J. Mannix is "a popular psychological study of eminent types of converts to the Catholic Church in America during the last century and a quarter." A valuable Appendix lists the autobiographies and biographies of noted American converts. *Conversions to the Catholic Church* (\$1.80) contains short autobiographies of English converts, compiled by Maurice Leahy. *Why Jews Become Catholics* (\$1.00) is by Rosalie M. Levy, a convert from Judaism.

Why Rome (\$2.50) and *Rome From Within* (\$2.00) by Selden P. Delany, formerly Rector of St. Mary's Episcopal Church, New York City. *Salve Mater* (\$2.50) by Frederick J. Kinsman, formerly Episcopal Bishop of Delaware. *William McGarvey and the Open Pulpit* (\$2.00) by Msgr. Edward Hawks. *The Long Road Home* (\$1.00) by John Moody of Moody's Investment Service. *Autobiography of G. K. Chesterton* (\$3.00). *A Papal Chamberlain* (\$3.50) tells the interesting story of Francis MacNutt's conversion. *Rebuilding a Lost Faith* (50 cents, paper; \$1.50, cloth) and *Twelve Years in the Catholic Church* (\$3.00) are by John L. Stoddard, the famous lecturer and traveller. *An Awakening and What Followed* (\$1.50) is an account of the conversion of Fr. Fidelis Kent Stone, C. P., one-time President of Hobart and Kenyon Colleges. Walter George Smith has written an excellent biography of the last-named convert under the title *Fidelis of the Cross* (\$3.50). *Now I See* (\$2.50) is Arnold Lunn's contribution. *Autobiography of a Campaigner for Christ* (\$2.50) is by David Goldstein, once a militant Socialist. We had almost overlooked the most famous of all modern convert autobiographies—*Apologia Pro Vita Sua* (\$2.00) by Cardinal Newman.

We suggest that you write to the various publishers for pamphlets about converts: The Paulist Press, 401 West 59th Street, New York; The International Catholic Truth Society, 407 Bergen Street, Brooklyn; The America Press, 53 Park Place, New York, and Our Sunday Visitor Press, Huntington, Ind. A list of current available pam-

phlets of all kinds will be found in *The Index to American Catholic Pamphlets* (\$1.25) by Eugene P. Willging.

A fuller list of biographies and autobiographies about converts appears in *The Franciscan Almanac for 1938*, page 305 (75 cents). *The Epistle*, published by St. Paul's Guild, 117 East 57th Street, New York, N. Y., furnishes up-to-date information about converts.

St. Gerard Majella

Kindly give me some information about St. Gerard Majella. Where can I obtain a medal and pamphlet life of this saint?—WASHINGTON, D. C.

St. Gerard Majella was born at Muro, fifty miles south of Naples, in 1725. He became a lay brother of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer (Redemptorists). Besides the three customary vows of the religious state he added a fourth—to always do that which should seem the more pleasing to God. His remarkable life of prayer and humble obedience drew down upon him marvelous supernatural graces and gifts. He worked many miracles during his life and also after his holy death in 1755. He was beatified by Pope Leo XIII in 1893 and canonized by Pope Pius X in 1904. On account of a miracle which took place in answer to his prayers at Senerchia, St. Gerard is invoked in Italy by women in labor. A pamphlet life of this saint by F. M. Capes may be obtained from the International Catholic Truth Society, 407 Bergen Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., for 10 cents, postage extra. The Redemptorist Fathers will be able to supply you with other literature and articles of devotion.

Las Casas and Gabriel Richard

Will you give a few short biographical notes of Father Las Casas, said to be the first priest ordained in America, and also of Father Gabriel Richard, the only priest to serve in the House of Representatives?

Bartholome de Las Casas (originally Casaus) was born at Seville, Spain, about 1474. He studied law at Salamanca and after receiving his degree gained a fair reputation as a practicing lawyer. He went to the Island of Hispanola (Haiti) in the New World in 1502. By the year 1510 he was a secular priest. He took great interest in the welfare of the Indians and labored strenuously to prevent their exploitation. Later he became a member of the Order of Friars Preachers (Dominicans). It was through his influence that the "New Laws" for the Indies were promulgated in 1542. This raised a storm

of indignation against him. He still continued to champion the Indians, but because of the opposition he aroused retired to a monastery in Madrid, where he died in 1566 at the age of ninety-three. Father Las Casas had great power in furthering his ideas, but it has been charged against him that he lacked good judgment and was partisan in his views.

Father Gabriel Richard was born at Saintes, France, October 15, 1767. A year after his ordination in Paris as a priest of the Society of St. Sulpice, he was forced to leave France on account of the Revolution. After his arrival in Baltimore, June 24, 1792, he was assigned to missionary work and went to Prairie du Rocher and Kaskasia, Ill., where he spent six years of fruitful labor for souls. In June, 1798, he was in Detroit. He was one of the founders of the University of Michigan and its first vice-president, and was also one of the teachers. Father Richard is said to have published the first newspaper in Michigan and also the first Catholic paper in the United States. In the war of 1812 he was captured by the British and kept a prisoner in Canada for the duration of the war. In 1823 he was elected to serve in the House of Representatives. During a cholera epidemic in Detroit in 1832 he fell a victim and died September 13, 1832. (*Catholic Encyclopedia*.)

Murder Through Fear

Will you please offer some light on the following discussion? A, a Catholic, holds that a person held against his will in the power of another and commanded at the point of a gun to kill someone else, or be killed himself, would not be committing a mortal sin if he killed that someone, since he was doing it against his will. A is taking into consideration the three factors necessary to make a sin mortal: grievous matter, sufficient reflection and full consent of the will. B, however, a non-Catholic, holds that the person held against his will would commit a mortal sin, since he took the life of another, regardless of the conditions. B also says that the person would be a coward for killing that person rather than die himself.—L. B., BRONX, N. Y.

There is neither praise nor blame attached to any act of man unless it is a human act. A human act is one over which the individual has control. In other words, it is one which proceeds from a deliberate will. This means that the act is done with the advertence of the mind to the moral quality of the act and the free consent of the will to it. Only human acts are voluntary.

There are certain impediments to voluntary acts, two of which, force and fear, are present in this hypothetical case. As regards their influence on human acts, antecedent fear does not, as a rule, take away all the voluntariness of an act, but it does mitigate it. If, however, the fear is so strong as to take away entirely the use of reason, there will be no voluntariness in the act. Normally, acts done because of fear are in themselves simply voluntary, though there is at the same time an involuntary aspect about them. Thus, a captain who decides to lighten his ship in a storm throws the cargo overboard. He would prefer not to lose the cargo, but he willingly throws it overboard just the same. In the case, if the fear felt by the captive is not so vehement as to take away entirely the use of the man's reason, and he kills the third party in order to avoid being killed himself, he would be guilty of murder. He freely chooses to commit an intrinsically evil act (murder), though he would not otherwise choose to do it. If, however, his fear is overwhelming, and he kills the third party, there is no voluntariness in the act, because it

is not a human act, and hence there is no culpability.

Coercion or violence which is inflicted unjustly by an external agent against a person's will impedes the perfect voluntary act, when it is relative, and takes away all voluntariness, when it is absolute. Thus, if the captive's fingers were pressed by force, which he could not resist, against the trigger of a revolver and a third person was killed as the result, the captive would be innocent of the crime. If, however, the captive were given a revolver and commanded to kill, he would be guilty of murder, if he did so, even to save his own life; unless, of course, the fear was overwhelming. B appears to have the right attitude toward the case.

Jews and Christians

(1) I hold that there is and probably always will be a so-called "Jewish-Christian Question," due to the fact that these two differ basically in their spiritual objectives. I believe that this is the primary and only reason why this question exists between them. Some say that this question exists only because of the fact that Jews are internationalists, while Christians are not. I would like your opinion of this. (2) I contend that no Catholic priest can by any stretch of the imagination be an anti-Semite, as claimed by some, because of the fact that he is the successor of Christ; and for this reason alone he must love all men, regardless of the latter's race, creed and other beliefs. I also believe that this contention is in conformity with the Christian precept which says that we must love our neighbor as ourselves.—N. N.

(1) It would be easier to offer an opinion of your contention if you had been more definite as to your meaning of "spiritual objectives" and "internationalists." Both terms are capable of many interpretations. Opposition to the Jews as a class arises from many causes, some of which appear to have a reasonable foundation and others not. Opposing religious viewpoints do not explain all the enmity towards the Jews which exists at the present time. Hitler's persecution of the Jews in Germany has nothing whatever to do with religion, and the Arabs resistance of the Jews in Palestine is not inspired by religious hatred. We suggest that you read *Why Are Jews Persecuted?* by Fr. Moody (The Queen's Work, St. Louis, 10 cents, net).

(2) The law of Christian charity obliges us to love God above all things and our neighbor as ourselves for the love of God. Our neighbor is every rational creature who is capable of divine grace and eternal glory. Only the demons and the damned are excluded from this obligation. But love of our neighbor does not oblige us to be indifferent to attacks on Christian faith or morals and the welfare of the State and of individuals. The obligation of fraternal charity obliges all men—not merely priests. The term "anti-Semite" is equivocal—it can mean several things. If, for example, Jews really held, as some claim, that their nation is to be the Messiah, to which all other peoples must be subject, Christians could and should oppose this effrontery. This would be "anti-Semitism" in a favorable sense.

Reading Another's Letters

Is it a sin to open and read another's letters?—NEW YORK, N. Y.

One who reads the letters or secret writings of another without the consent of the sender or of the recipient, or without lawful authority or just cause, or

who by force or fraud exposes the secret of another, sins against justice. The reason is that such a person acts the part of a thief who unjustly takes away the goods belonging to another. A secret is a good to which the neighbor has a strict right. The sin will be mortal or venial according to the quantity of the injury inflicted, or according to the intention to inflict much or little injury. (Prümmer, *Theol. Mor.* II, 181).

The Church and Translations of Bible in Vernacular

It is asserted in a Protestant magazine, in an article on Myles Coverdale, that "all their lives and their ancestors' lives it had been a crime severely punishable to have the Scriptures in one's possession; to dare to translate it meant death at the stake." Again, "the Bible was forbidden the common people, except as they heard parts of it read in a strange tongue by priests, who too often did not themselves understand what they read." Will you please explain this matter.

—L. D., GRANNIS, ARK.

The above statements are in line with the historical Protestant position. They are predicated on the theory of "the Bible and the Bible only" and also on its private interpretation. As stated the above assertions are false. They are the result, probably, of ignorance rather than malice.

What the Church forbade in the sixteenth century was *erroneous and heretical translations* of the Bible made by men intent on spreading the doctrines of the Reformation. The Church maintains the same position today. She will always maintain it. She is the guardian of Holy Scripture and its only authoritative interpreter. The Bible is her book. She allows no one to tamper with the Sacred Book, no more than the U. S. Government would allow the Communist Party to tamper with the Constitution.

We have the testimony of St. Thomas More that "the whole Bible was long before Wycliff's day (died 1383 A.D.) by virtuous and well-learned men translated into the English tongue, and by good and godly people with devotion and soberness well and reverently read." Between the invention of printing and the publication of Luther's German version, over two hundred editions of the Holy Scriptures, translated into various languages were issued for the use of the people with the full consent and approval of the Church. Of course, before the invention of printing Bibles could be multiplied only by hand. Naturally they were scarce and commanded a high price, but this does not mean that the common people did not know about the Bible. The sermons of the medieval preachers were replete with biblical texts. Stained glass windows, mystery plays, etc., made the people familiar with the events of the Old and New Testaments. It may be confidently asserted that the people of those days were, in general, more familiar with the Bible through these means than the people of today, despite the perfection of printing and the activities of Bible Societies. Having a book called the Bible is not the same thing as having the true Bible, nor does possession mean that the owner knows what he reads. Many preachers who complain about the attitude of the Catholic Church think that they know the Bible, but they are mistaken. Even when one has the true faith and has all the proper sentiments with which to study the Bible, it is still a very difficult book to understand. So St. Peter tells us about the Epistles of St. Paul, and the same thing may be said of the rest. Catholics rest their faith primarily on the

authority of God and the divinely appointed representative of God, the teaching Church; not on a book. The book and its meaning can be known for certain only through the teaching Church. The Catholic Church teaches that God's revelation is known through two main sources—the living, teaching Church, and the inspired Word of God. The Church has the authority to decide what is and what is not the Word of God, and the Church will ever see that the faithful have the true Word of God, not the heretical translations of innovators.

Beano

Is beano playing a form of gambling? The reason I ask is because I received a book of chances from a nun, a former girl friend, to sell for her in order to obtain financial assistance for the convent. When I tried to sell the chances in my office, some of the Protestants who work with me, who I think are narrow-minded, objected and said, "a convent is a nice place to get gambling tickets from! It seems that you Catholics can always find ways to make money."—N. N.

Beano—and the same applies to Bingo—comes under the head of *ludus*, which is a game of chance. This is defined as a contract by which the players agree among themselves (and of course with the management) that the prize offered will be awarded to the winner. Games of chance are not in themselves unlawful, provided all things are conducted honestly. If used with prudence and in moderation they offer means of obtaining financial support for worthy causes by enlisting the co-operation of many who would not otherwise, perhaps, contribute to the cause. Besides, they provide innocent recreation and bring parishioners together in friendly association and also impress upon them the duty of supporting religion. These are some of the good features of such games of chance. There are other features connected with them which are not so good and which have led some Bishops to frown on and even positively to forbid them. Catholics may or may not consider flattering the assertion that Catholics "can always find ways of making money." Some harassed Pastors, we think, would consider themselves fortunate if the assertion were true. Sometimes the reactions of non-Catholics to Catholic manners and methods reminds us of the reactions of the Pharisees to the actions of Our Lord.

Artificial Insemination and Georgetown

There is an article in the September 26th issue of "Time," page 28, entitled "Fathers by Proxy," in which Dr. Ivy Albert Pelzman of Georgetown University Medical School is said to be "starting an agency for proxy fathers in Washington," and that he already has fifteen prospective proxies on his list. It is inconceivable that an activity of this kind should be conducted in an outstanding Catholic University. There must be a mistake somewhere.—J. R., LAKE PLACID, N. Y.

There is a mistake—and a serious one—but it was made by the Washington correspondent of *Time*. An N. C. W. C. dispatch under date of September 30 carried Dr. Pelzman's denial of the *Time* story. This dispatch was sent to all subscribing Editors of the Catholic Press in this country and no doubt appeared in the diocesan newspapers. We have received an official confirmation of this dispatch from the Dean of the Medical School of Georgetown. He writes, "Dr. Pelzman denies that any

such statement as that attributed to him by *Time* was ever uttered. He knew that *Time's* Washington correspondent intended to say something about this matter, but he had been promised an opportunity to read the copy before publication. This promise was not kept. . . . At Georgetown we neither advocate artificial insemination nor do we permit any such instruction for our students." The *Time* story, according to the above, is hardly honest reporting.

Leaving Wife For Gospel: Indulged Crucifix

(1) *Several of the Apostles were married, St. Peter among them. How do you explain that he could leave his wife and children to take up the papal authority? Isn't that divorce, or was their leaving their wives only a separation?* (2) *Suppose that a large number of married men left their wives and children. Would not such a mass group of automatic divorces cast a slur on the Roman Catholic Church?* (3) *Does an indulged crucifix lose its indulgence after the one possessing it has died?*—A. J. S., PITTSBURGH, PA.

(1) The only Apostle who is mentioned in the New Testament as having a wife is St. Peter and this only indirectly by reference to his mother-in-law (Luke 4:38). There is no mention of any children. Some commentators think that St. Peter's wife had died before the cure of his mother-in-law. When Christ invited St. Peter and the rest to leave all things to follow Him, He implicitly sanctioned separation from his wife and home; and when He explicitly promised eternal blessings to those who left wife and children (Matt. 19:29) for His sake and the Gospel, it behooves us to receive His teaching in all subjection and humility. This leaving of wife and home is not a divorce, in the sense that the modern world understands divorce—a rupture of the bond with freedom to marry again—but a separation from bed, board and the common life.

(2) If groups of Catholic married men left their wives and children for the sake of Christ and the Gospel, they would have at least the sanction of the teaching of Christ. And if this caused scandal, it would argue that those who were scandalized didn't know their New Testament. But there is no need to worry, because the Church which Christ Himself established legislates about marriage and commands husbands and wives to live together and raise up children to be good Christians. Admission to the priesthood and the religious life is denied to married people, without a special dispensation. If married men suddenly took it into their heads to abandon wives and children for some fool ideas, then there might be scandal if the authorities of the Church didn't check them. But we see no reason to fear that this will happen.

(3) Indulgences attached to beads and other objects cease only when the latter are sold or entirely perish. (Canon 924, n. 2).

Council of Trent: Motives of Pilgrims

(1) *What is the meaning and significance of the Council of Trent?* (2) *Is there any other known reason for the departure of the Pilgrims from England other than to be free from religious persecution?*—M. G., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

(1) The Council of Trent was held at Trent in the Austrian Tyrol from 1545 to 1563. The length of its duration was due to many interruptions. It was the

nineteenth ecumenical council and one of the most important in the history of the Church. It was summoned for the purpose of combating the errors of Protestantism and reforming the discipline of the Church. This Council marked the starting point of that period of history known as the Counter-Reformation.

(2) The Pilgrims were English Calvinists who left England because of religious conflict with the other Protestant groups. After a brief stay in Holland they sailed in that immortal and spacious ship called the *Mayflower* to Plymouth Bay in Massachusetts. The motive of religious liberty was present, no doubt, in the minds of the colonists, but other and more mundane considerations, such as impeding the expansion of the Dutch and French and the advantages of trade were not lacking in the enterprise.

Alexander VI: Legitimate Popes

(1) *Kindly give me a complete history of Pope Alexander VI. Was he elected pope even before he received Major Orders? Was his wife living, or had she died, prior to his election as pope? There is some talk that he was a great civic warrior and came direct from the battlefields and without any prior ecclesiastical background was raised to the papacy.* (2) *Is it true that there was more than one legitimate pope reigning at one and the same time at any period in the Church's history?*—PITTSBURGH, PA.

(1) We regret that we cannot furnish a "complete history" of Pope Alexander VI in *The Sign-Post*, but we can refer you to a worthwhile account of this favorite Pope in *The Catholic Encyclopedia*, Vol. 1, pp. 289-294.

According to the above account, Alexander VI was ordained to the priesthood in 1468 and elevated to the papacy August 11, 1492, so it appears from these dates that he had received Major Orders before the latter event. The question assumes that a man must be at least in Major Orders before he is eligible for the papacy. It is not commonly known that in *theory* any baptized Catholic male, even a married man, who is of good repute, of sound mind and capable of assuming the burdens of the papacy, is eligible. But in practice for many years only members of the College of Cardinals, who by virtue of Canon Law must be at least in the priesthood, have been chosen. Hence, it is not absolutely impossible that a man who just returned from the battlefields might be elected to the papacy. In the case of Alexander VI there does not seem to be any foundation for the opinion that he was a warrior. From the age of twenty-four he was engaged in the temporal administration of the Church, and for thirty-five years prior to his election as pope he was Vice-Chancellor of the Roman Church, and a good one at that. He had many good qualities, according to his contemporaries, one of them being that he was a good administrator. He does not appear ever to have had a wife, but he did have a mistress.

(2) It is not true. There has never been, nor can there ever be more than one legitimate pope of the Catholic Church at one and the same time. There was a time, during the so-called Schism of the West, when there were more than one *claimant* of the papacy, but during that stormy period there was but one legitimate pope. There can no more be more than one legitimate pope at one and the same time than there can be more than one President of the United States, according to its present form of government, at one and the same time.

Letters

• **LETTERS** should as a rule be limited to about 300 words. The Editor reserves the right of cutting. Opinions expressed herein are the writer's and not necessarily those of the Editor. Intelligent comment concerning matters having relation to Catholic life and thought are welcomed. Communications should bear the name and address of writers.

MASONS AND THE REVOLUTION

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In the September 1938 issue of *THE SIGN*, page 110, W. A. L. Styles, M.D., declares that all the military leaders in the American Revolution were Masons; all except three. He failed to make exception of a fourth—the Lithuanian General, Andrew Bonaventure Thaddeus Kosciuszko. Kosciuszko was an outstanding Catholic gentleman. When in Philadelphia he worshipped at old Saint Joseph's Church, where the Jesuits made a record of their esteem of him as one of true and solid piety. He did not join the Order, although someone uttered the erroneous statement that he did, confusing, perhaps, Kosciuszko with Pulaski, who, I think, was a Mason, or at least participated in some Masonic event.

The tone of his letter intimates that membership in the Masonic Order connotes that member as cooperating in an antagonism against Catholicism. This is true today, though the inference is false regarding the time of the Revolution, when there was not, as yet, a Papal condemnation of the Order. Archbishop Carroll himself did not consider a Mason as necessarily a foe of the Church. It is so held today because of the Papal condemnation. Therefore to write that Jefferson and Washington were Masons bears not the same weight with regard to anti-Christianity that it would today. We know that Jefferson sent his nieces to the Ursulines for schooling, and that he even protected those "good ladies" from the onslaughts of bigotry; that Washington contributed to the fund for building St. Augustine's Church in Philadelphia. Some Masons so act today. Nevertheless the fact remains that in Jefferson's day the Order was not condemned by the Church. And this renders it necessary for us to change our attitude towards the Masons of the American Revolution.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

J. LEO WASHILA.

Editor's Note: Our correspondent is mistaken. The first official Papal condemnation of the Sect of Freemasons was issued by Pope Clement XII on June 28, 1738, and the second was issued by Pope Benedict XIV on May 18, 1751. Both are earlier than the Declaration of Independence.

HOSPITAL BABIES

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Another nurse called my attention to Katherine Burton's page in the October issue of *THE SIGN* wherein was discussed the contention of a correspondent that "smaller families are mainly so because of the high cost of babies born in hospitals," etc. After I had read the article, we both felt annoyed.

It is true that hospital costs are often, in proportion to income, quite high, but I doubt if such costs are the main reason for small families. Women too poor

to pay regular rates can be admitted through clinics if they really desire hospitalization. (My own observation has shown that many people get a fixed idea about the "cost" of babies—which fixity increases as time goes on—that is often quite disproportionate to real facts.)

As for the specific criticisms of hospitals made by Mrs. Burton's correspondent: "the impersonal attention, the fact that a modern hospital takes into account . . . only the woman's body and no thought is given to the woman's soul and emotions, that all contact with any loved ones is forbidden and a woman is in the hands of strangers"—let me point out, first, that the impersonal attention, if any, is due not to the hospital, *per se*, but to the individuals, doctors and nurses, working there—and that many of them are very kind and sympathetic towards their patients.

Of course the main "business" of a maternity hospital is to deliver babies safely and, naturally, more conscious thought is given to that than to spiritual matters; but that is quite understandable and not necessarily reprehensible. After all, when you go to the corner grocery for the business of buying potatoes, you don't expect to be overwhelmed with spirituality either, do you?

In really important spiritual matters, the Catholic woman is as well provided for in the hospital as at home. Any hospital will willingly call for her a chaplain or neighboring priest if she is in danger of death. If the baby is so threatened, a doctor or nurse will almost invariably baptize it—voluntarily, if they happen themselves to be Catholics, or if they are not, at the mother's or relative's request. In fact some non-Catholics will baptize in such cases even without a specific request if they think that the mother would desire it.

As for the woman's "emotions," well, the hospital may seem a little careless about them sometimes, but it must be remembered that while the patient's emotions may be of paramount interest to her, they are only monotonous repetitions to those who see similar presentations of them day after day and night after night.

"Contact with loved ones" is forbidden, true; but that is only practical and efficient in the circumstances. Some women, at such times, apparently don't miss such contact, thinking only of themselves. The majority, if they call for anyone, call on their mothers—who may be dead. Being in the "hands of strangers" is, in itself, no tragedy. The woman's main business is to have her baby, and such minor considerations should not distract her. Besides, many patients who would be willful and un-co-operative at home meekly behave when strangers are around them—to the undeniable benefit of all concerned.

And regarding home versus hospital deliveries, Mrs. Burton's correspondent says: "Hospitals may be necessary for operative cases and in certain emergencies, but why for normal cases?" And Mrs. Burton herself adds, "And I echo, 'Why?'"

Well, ladies, I agree that in the proper surroundings a normal delivery may be conducted more cheaply at home. But there's a catch in the question quoted. This: No one can ever definitely tell whether a case is "normal" or not—until after the baby is actually born!

A patient may have an ideally "normal" pregnancy and then have one of many serious and dangerous complications. Such cases do not necessarily show premonitory symptoms of any "emergency" or abnormal condition—but you can safely say that when a doctor finds that he has such a case in a hospital he is thankful that it is not a home delivery. To infer that the "average obstetrician" is thinking mainly of his own comfort in "removing a woman from her natural surroundings" is to be uncharitable and unjust.

It is perhaps not sufficiently realized that an actual delivery is a matter of mechanical skill where the doctor, as well as the mother and baby, is under a definite physical strain at times. A housewife would justifiably complain if she had to wash dishes at the height of an average bed. How much more may an obstetrician object, not only because his efficiency may be impaired by a back-aching or cramping position, but because his actual "manual labor" is rendered unnecessarily difficult—a difficulty which might possibly reflect adversely on the baby.

It is true, of course, that the majority of cases are normal ones and that many women hold unnecessary fears about delivery, but the fact does remain that no case can be *guaranteed* normal until it is over. I believe that not only the widely esteemed Doctor Bundesen, but also his Chicago colleague, Doctor Joseph B. DeLee, probably the best-known obstetrician in the country, would agree to that.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

M. BRELSFORD, R.N.

AMERICAN JOCISTS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

The need for a Catholic youth organization which appeals to the young person's natural desire "to right the wrongs of the world" has been becoming increasingly more evident to both clergy and laity of this nation. The Communists and so-called "liberals" are quick to seize upon this reforming urge of modern youth, and, as a consequence, the American Students Union, the American League for Peace and Democracy, and the Young Communist League have had a phenomenal growth in our American high schools and colleges.

The European nations have been submitted to a steady stream of Communistic propaganda for the last twenty years, and a great deal of it has been successful, for a very good reason—young workers found the conditions under which they had to work extremely poor, both from the standpoint of health and morals. Agitators immediately seized upon these conditions, and using them as a wedge, they were able to cause many youths to give up their faith and to become radicals who were willing to destroy the Church at the first opportunity.

Unfortunately for the cause of "liberalism", a new idea began to be spread among the young workers—the *Jeunesse Ouvriere Chretienne* (Young Christian Workers). At the close of the World War, a Belgian priest, Canon Cardijn, founded the first JOC section, with a group of twelve girls. Now, the JOC comprises more than half-a-million members in Europe, Asia, Africa, and South America. How was such progress possible? How could such a group have such an appeal to the youth of all lands? The answer is simple. The JOC preached the true doctrine of Catholic Action—"The participation of the laity in the apostolate of the hierarchy." The JOC fought for a true Christian shop, one in which the essential dignity of man is realized. The JOC, in other words, brought about better working conditions both by legislative enactment, and by conference and agreement with the employers.

That, however, is the less important part of the JOC's program. One of its first principles is condensed into the following short phrase: "Personal sanctification, knowledge, and good example." The Jocist, in following out the JOC motto "*Soyez Apotres*" (Be Apostles) among his fellow workers, tries to attain spiritual perfection, for he realizes that "Without Me you can do nothing." First, therefore, he seeks God; second, through the Jocist study club and inquiry group, he becomes a Cath-

olic propagandist, able to explain the Church's stand upon modern industrial, social, and economic problems. Third, through his own good example, he tries to bring back the workers in his factory to the practice of their religion, and to make them Jocists also, willing to spread Jocist ideals among their friends and fellow-workers.

In an earnest endeavor to bring about the spread of the Jocist idea in this country, we, a group of young Catholic students and workers, have founded the American Jocists, with three separate study club groups, or sections, in this diocese. We believe that the mere outlining of our work, as we see it, would be of interest to the readers of THE SIGN.

I will be pleased to answer any communications on behalf of the American Jocists. My address is 3118 Church Avenue.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

GERALD FITZGERALD

CHINA—THE LOSER

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In the September issue of THE SIGN it was indeed pleasing to read the hard-hitting editorials against Communism—until I came upon a clever piece of Communistic propaganda (a quotation in "Categoria") under the heading "If Japan Wins" by the popular writer of *Good Earth* fame, Pearl S. Buck.

Has it ever occurred to Pearl Buck what will happen if Japan loses?

It is hard to believe that she is so ignorant of all this. As usual, this type of article which condemns Fascism and omits Communism can be looked upon as suspicious. Does she not know that the military activities of the Chinese are under Soviet control? What of the million Red soldiers along the Manchurian border who deliberately tried to seize Japanese or Chinese territory? How Pearl Buck or anyone else can completely ignore the Soviet threat to China is too ridiculous to dwell on. Probably she is under the impression that Russia is only there to preserve peace and democracy. In this case Russia ought to set the good example by practicing what it preaches by establishing peace and charity—not by a firing squad, and democracy by self-rule and justice and not by a one-man party and government.

She writes of the danger of national Japanese imperialism and says nothing of Soviet internationalism. The first, as the article implies, is a prediction; the second is reality, past, present and future. Surely she knows of the open declaration of The Third International to promote world-wide revolution. She accuses Japan of conquest beyond China and says nothing of Russia, which by word and deed is working day and night to sovietize the entire world. If China wins she loses, as Russia is now well in control of China's political positions. With this military alliance the Reds could dictate their own terms.

What of Christianity in China? If Japan wins it is reasonable to believe that the churches and missions that were destroyed in the wake of warfare will be rebuilt and services continued. If Japan loses—anyone knows the answer. All churches and all religions will be destroyed to the best of the Soviets' ability, not just for today but for all time. If anyone doubts this, look at Russia, Spain and Mexico.

The Chinese people are most deserving of our prayers. As oppressed people, very few others have suffered as they. The rule of the Chinese by the Japanese means the end of occidental and the beginning of oriental suppression. The Chinese will be allowed to sow but their conquerors will reap. However, with Japan as

victor the Chinese will rise slightly above the earth.

Under the Soviets they would fall below the earth as did twenty million Kulaks, Christians and those who did not agree with the very small minority, in democratic (!) Russia. Chinese nationalism will lie embalmed beneath the surface of the good earth of China, with no chance of resurrection. There will be a meaningless change from a capitalistic coolie to a Soviet serf.

WEST NEWTON, PA.

FAIR PLAY.

Editor's Note: Our correspondent presumes but does not prove China's political alliance with Soviet Russia. With every port blockaded or seized, China—if it is to continue its struggle—may be forced to turn to a not unwilling Russia for military help. The pity of the Far Eastern war is, as our reader from West Newton notes, that in either case the Chinese people may be the unhappy victims.

IT IS EASIER TO GIVE

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I enclose my check for two dollars for the renewal of my subscription to *THE SIGN*, which I consider the outstanding Catholic magazine published.

The appeal for your "Hunan Relief Fund" is so real that I am enclosing my check for ten dollars to help a wee bit. It is sometimes easier to give than to ask. In this country we have thousands of things to be thankful for and sometimes we are so busy in going along in our various occupations that we do not stop very long to think of the other fellow.

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

JOHN J. CONWAY.

Editor's Note: Thanks for the slogan, John—it is easier at times to give than to ask. Only three times in ten years have we put a general and insistent appeal to our readers: The Famine Appeal, the Hospital Fund—and now the Hunan Relief Fund.

THE SIGN IN PUBLIC LIBRARIES

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I was just about to subscribe to *THE SIGN* when it occurred to me how much better it would be to have it sent to our public library instead. I can read it there each month. It always gives me a feeling of guilt when I visit the library to see magazines of so many other denominations and not one Catholic periodical. Perhaps others may be interested in this method of getting our Catholic literature before the general public.

A FRIEND.

AN "INTERNATIONAL" CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Some few months ago, I challenged the readers of *THE SIGN* to send literature to me for the chaplains of the Philippine Army. I must publicly acknowledge that the challenge has been vigorously taken up, not to my surprise because I knew they would, but certainly to my grateful satisfaction. Not only have the readers from the States responded in splendid fashion but from Hawaii, Canada, England, Ireland, Australia, and the Argentine have come bundles of papers and magazines to cheer and instruct the trainees in our camps.

Another challenge I have in mind—"Will they keep up the supply?"

The chaplains have organized open forums, study

clubs, debating societies all to encourage the reading habit. Whatever I can add in the way of books, magazines, pamphlets and papers, even those not of a religious type, to their small libraries is a gift from heaven.

I would recommend in passing that the explanatory sub-title of your healthy stalwart be changed to read—"An International Catholic Magazine"—for have I not demonstrated the world-wide range of your reading public?

FR. EDWIN ROMAN, C. P.
CHIEF, CHAPLAIN SERVICE, P. A.

ARMY HEADQUARTERS
MANILA, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

APPRECIATED "THE APOSTOLATE OF COURTESY"

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In the October number of *THE SIGN* there is an article entitled "The Apostolate of Courtesy" by Mr. F. Gordon O'Neill.

I wish to thank you for publishing this article and also thank Mr. O'Neill for writing it. The topic is most timely and if you can see your way to publishing more from his pen I assure you it will be appreciated by myself and circle.

OSSINING, N. Y.

MARY C. DOLAN.

THANKSGIVINGS TO ST. JUDE

L.Mc., Union City, N.J.; M.D., Watertown, Mass.; M.F.D., Brooklyn, N.Y.; H.B., Washington, D.C.; H.G., Cambridge, Mass.; C.C.K., Orchard Park, N.Y.; A.B., Glen Lyon, Pa.; M.M.G., Indianapolis, Ind.; A.R.McK., Providence, R.I.; K.C.V., Union City, Ind.; M.G., Bronx, N.Y.; A.M.F., Norwich, Conn.; A.R.McK., Providence, R.I.; K.C., Jeannette, Pa.; M.F.D., Brooklyn, N.Y.; R.C., New Rochelle, N.Y.; J.H.F., Roxbury, Mass.; R.K., Hartford, Wis.; E.M., Cleveland, O.

GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

Souls in Purgatory, M.R., Pittsburgh, Pa.; Poor Souls, M.J.H.M., Baltimore, Md.; Sacred Heart of Jesus, C.T.W., Narbeth, Pa.; Little Flower, H.A.G., Jersey City, N.J.; Sacred Heart, M.W., Altoona, Pa.; St. Gabriel, M.C.D., So. Boston, Mass.; Sacred Heart, Blessed Mother, St. Joseph, M.G.Z., Wilkes Barre, Pa.; Blessed Virgin, St. Anthony, M.N.T.E., Louisville, Ky.; Blessed Mother, M.B., St. Louis, Mo.; Sacred Heart, M.H., Jersey City, N.J.; Holy Souls, J.E.M., San Francisco, Cal.; St. Anthony, M.L.B., Bayonne, N.J.; Sacred Heart of Jesus, Our Lady of Lourdes, M.D., Chillicothe, Md.; Sacred Heart of Jesus, Our Blessed Lady, St. Anne, St. Joseph, St. Benedict, St. Theresa, M.S.P.W., Newark, N.J.; Blessed Virgin Mary, St. Theresa, C.A.B., San Francisco, Calif.; St. Francis Xavier, E.A.H., St. Louis, Mo.; Blessed Virgin, Sacred Heart, M.P.G., Hamilton, Ohio; Blessed Virgin, Sacred Heart, Little Flower, F. X. McG., Rochester, N.Y.; St. Anthony, St. Paul of the Cross, St. Gabriel, M.W., Woodcliff, N.Y.; Souls in Purgatory, A.C., Brighton, Mass.; Souls in Purgatory, E.S., Brooklyn, N.Y.; Sacred Heart, E.R., Clinton, Mass.; Poor Souls, J.H.M., Baltimore Md.; E.K., Belleville, N. J.; M.C.M., Baltimore, Md.; M.P.B.McG., Brookline, Mass.; F.J.P., Brooklyn, N.Y.; C.R., Manitowoc, Wis.; J.A.M., Brooklyn, N.Y.; M.S., Philadelphia, Pa.; A.F., New London, Conn.; M.C.L., Washington, D.C.; M.C., Scranton, Pa.



Woman to Woman



By KATHERINE BURTON

NOTHING BUT BLAME

• SOMETIMES I grow troubled as well as weary because there is nothing but blame for this and blame for that regarding the ills of the world. Machinery—unions—the young—diabolic influence—the weather—paganism—Communism—humanism—totalitarianism.

But not many people go deeper than the surface to hunt for blame. Exercising of the virtues on the part of human beings certainly makes for a good world, and the virtues are not machinery or any purely man-made things. They are things of the spirit and it is left to man to use them or not. Certainly the same thing must be true of the vices. They are things of evil and again it is left to man to use them or not.

The deeper questions which many don't seem to ask is why can diabolic influences come into the swept and garnished house of modern man? Why are there Communists? Did love of power make them—or did poverty and cruelty and the exercise of the vices of some on the rest?

If you wonder why Communism with its promises takes hold among the young consider, for instance, the fact that a survey has shown that of sixty-five hundred case histories studied in New York—a rank and file selection—only fifteen per cent had ever held jobs other than those offered by the government. What those did who held jobs made rather pitiful reading too. Many of them gave all their income to their families. Less than half of them went to the movies at all. Some spent only a dollar and a half a month on lunches. Five per cent ate no lunch at all. Their average ages were nineteen, and only five per cent were foreign born. Half of them were Catholic, less than a fourth Protestant, the remainder Jews.

Is there an answer then to this great why? Oh, yes, there are lots of answers. Laws and regulations may help, but still it is surface help, because much of it is forced on people. There is no use in hoping to cure until you locate the cause—and until you admit it. There is one cause—selfishness, and one remedy—applied Christianity. There is no other.

BOYS AS CAR OWNERS AND DRIVERS

• COMING from the matters of the world to matters of that microcosm known as the home, I was interested to read in an interview with a writer, Mrs. Elaine Sterne Carrington, that she thought every boy of sixteen should have his own car, or at least should have it as soon as he obtained a junior license.

I am sure this is a problem that will strike an answering chord of some sort or other in many a reader's heart. Shall they use the family car whenever they set forth on any of the group gatherings in which the young indulge? Or shall they be bought or be allowed to buy one of those decrepit affairs one meets staggering along the road—or even worse, flying along with a noise indicative of immediate disintegration?

Mrs. Carrington feels that the boy "should acquire the

car with his own money at a junk shop and assemble it in his own back yard." Then he will have a real feeling of creation and pride of possession. All very well, but he may also have a bad accident very soon unless he keeps it permanently in the yard where he assembled it. Surely only a small number of boys could do a job of assembling and surely also, even though the boy is a mechanical genius, it takes parts that are not too worn out to produce something that will be a car and not a menace once it gets out on the road.

It is not too simple either about a boy buying the parts with his own money, and putting them together. That is, not all there is to the expense. There is the license, quite expensive in many states; there is the fire and theft insurance and especially the accident policy.

So far as skill is concerned, I think most young boys who have successfully acquired a license by taking a test under the critical eye of a traffic officer, are or become good drivers. They have not even the memory of driving horses to contend with—a thing which was a real danger in the early days of motors. But they are dangerous when it comes to speed, especially if the car is old and the brakes might fail. And youth's first question about a car is: "How fast will she go?"

Just the same, to a great extent, I would put my bet on the young as drivers. If once they can be taught (or forbidden by law to go above a certain speed, as Pennsylvania has solved her problem) I prefer them to careful ladies and assured gentlemen of greater ages who learned too late to be at ease in their mechanical equipages. I prefer them too to some of the middle-aged, especially men, who are apt to cross your bows without notice or blow their horn behind you though the light is still red or consider white highway lines as a hurdle rather than a warning. But I certainly would not want the ordinary boy to assemble a car out of old spare parts and with it take to the roads to the danger of either himself or any other driver, or perhaps both.

A JOURNALIST'S PRAYER

• FROM the magazine which chronicles the missionary activities of the Society of the Holy Child, *The Pylon*, I cull this journalist's prayer, written, so states the magazine, by an ecclesiastic who is well versed in the production of periodical literature, and addressed to Saint Francis de Sales: "Saint Francis, dear patron of a harrowed tribe, grant us thy protection. Bestow on us, thy servants, a little more of thy critical spirit and a little less on our readers. Confer on our subscribers the grace of condescension in overlooking our faults, the grace of light in acknowledging our merits, the grace of promptitude in meeting our bills and the grace of generosity in helping our missions. Give us beautiful thoughts, brave thoughts so that we, thy children, may have the courage to write as we think, and our readers the docility to think as we write. Then shall we, thy faithful servants, resting on thy protection, fight thy battles with joyful hearts, drive the wolf from the door, the Devil from the fold and meet thee in everlasting peace. Amen."

CATEGORICA

THE WORLD IN WHICH WE LIVE AS SEEN THROUGH THE EYES OF OTHERS

QUINTUPLET PROSPERITY

• *Nature provides a manner of pump-priming far beyond the dreams of the most enthusiastic New Dealers. It is described by Merrill Denison in "Infant Industry: The Quintuplets" in "Harper's":*

Sentiment and miracle of their birth aside, the five little Dionnes are priming the local pump in a fashion that must give Mr. Ickes cause for wonder, and possibly, for envy. Dollar for dollar, they have done a job of rural rehabilitation that makes many an ambitious scheme of Mr. Harry Hopkins seem so much dancing in the dark.

From worse than scratch, the five girls in their fifty-two months of existence have helped save a sizable city from bankruptcy, speeded the building of modern roads, improved local real estate values, increased the township assessment rolls, taken a few hundred people off relief, become the sole support of their parents, boomed the summer tourist traffic, inspired thousands of dollars of new capital investments, and attracted many millions of U.S. dollars to their native province. The value of the American tourist traffic to Ontario, even in a depression year, is said to be between \$100,000,000 and \$125,000,000. According to the conservative reckoning of the Dominion Government's Travel Bureau in Ottawa, the five little charmers near Calander are directly responsible for at least a fifth of the gate. Accepting these figures, the Quints are seen to be something more than five very delightful youngsters; they are a twenty to twenty-five million dollar attraction and, as such, one of Canada's most important businesses. Capitalized at four per cent, these Quint-inspired revenues make the Dionne girls a \$500,000,000 asset to Ontario. This, one notes, is only their present worth, based on the current season. Given a really prosperous year and they would have a book value of nearly a billion dollars, which would leave them with few industrial rivals in the Dominion or, for that matter, anywhere else.

"SILENT CAL" COOLIDGE

• *Two amusing anecdotes concerning "Silent Cal" Coolidge are told by William Allen White in "A Puritan in Babylon":*

For five hours the Yankee troops passed the reviewing stand where the five New England governors stood beside Governor Coolidge, the Massachusetts host. On and on marched company after company, regiment following regiment, upon the heels of brigades, one division and another and still another. The Governor of New Hampshire remembered that he stood "by Coolidge's side five hours and he spoke to me just once between the time he greeted me and the time he courteously said good-bye. When we had stood half that time, Governor Coolidge turned to me and said in his drawl:

"Governor, I think you will find that if you put one foot on the rail and lean in my position a while

and then change to the other foot, you will find it will rest you."

"I tried it, and sure enough it was a relief. But I could not, and cannot now, comprehend a man who could stand five hours and have nothing else to say."

It was three months later, in the early spring, when Governor Coolidge was sloshing across the Commons in his rubbers, that he met General Edwards, who had been having trouble to avert a reprimand for his incidental remarks about some army matter.

"Hello, chatterbox!" said the General, approaching the Governor.

"Well, General, I notice what I don't say gets me in less trouble than what you do say," retorted the Governor as he passed on to work. His habit of silent cerebral cogitation made him conspicuous sometimes, but never notorious.

RADICALS WANT WAR

• *In the recent crisis the Communists and other radicals were the only ones who wanted war. They are still all for it. From "War-Mongering on the Left" by Eugene Lyons in the "American Mercury":*

The speeches of Communist leaders, their press, the pronouncements of the assorted leagues and committees under Communist control, all hammer away at America's instinctive distrust of the rallying cries under which the alignments for another World War are being formed. In addition, an ever-larger mass of Radicals of other denominations, and undifferentiated Liberals, moved by hatred for the Fascist States, are echoing these same war cries.

"If France, the United States and Russia want to maintain the *status quo*, they had better declare war on the three military machines before they gain too much momentum." The three military machines, of course, are Germany, Italy and Japan; and the speaker is Dr. William E. Dodd, former Ambassador to Germany. Lewis Mumford, writing in the *New Republic* recently, likewise calls for immediate action. So also Upton Sinclair in the *Nation*: his solution for the troubles of a complex world is beautifully simple. "If Democracy is to survive this crisis," he warns, "the Democratic nations must organize at once. . . . Gangster nations planning raids must know not merely that they will be boycotted, but that if this does not suffice, an international army and navy will overthrow their dictators, hold a plebiscite, and establish a new government by popular consent." (Sinclair presented the same simple medicine—lead pills—some twenty years ago, but seems unaware that the patient died.)

Senator George W. Norris, the Progressive who became famous for voting against the declaration of war in 1917, announced the other day that it might be "better for America, and perhaps France, Great Britain, and Russia, to ally themselves now in a world war to wipe out Fascism." Less than a decade ago the Rev. Dr. Harry F. Ward received the *Nation's* annual Honor-Roll accolade "for leadership . . . in the fight against militarism in the American schools." Today he heads the League

for Peace and Democracy, a Communist-directed organization (known until last September as the League Against War and Fascism) whose principal object is to find allies for the Soviet Union in the looming war.

MOORS IN SPAIN

• **MANY** have been surprised that the Nationalists in Spain accept aid from Moors in fighting the Reds. The following, by Bernard Wall in "Spain of the Spaniards," throws light on the subject:

The Moors view this war as a holy war. In their view—as they all say—"If the *rojos* (Reds) win in Spain today they will win in Morocco tomorrow. If they burn Christian churches today, they will burn Moslem mosques tomorrow. And Allah and the Christian God are one and the same person, who is angry because his followers are persecuted by the *rojos*." The war, from this angle, takes the shape of a struggle by the followers of their religion and their tradition against the international viewpoint of the Reds. That the two religions and traditions are different does not bother anybody overmuch. By fighting with Franco the Moors believe that they are guaranteeing their traditional life against the cosmopolitanism which is destroying Islam in French Morocco and Tunisia. They feel they are fighting for Islam.

Comic examples of the contrast between the two civilizations are told lovingly by Spaniards. In Salamanca I was told of some Moors in a Pamplona hospital who were asking to be allowed to return to the front. A Catholic chaplain who was passing asked them why they were so anxious to return. "So as to kill some more *rojos* for General Franco," they replied. "You oughtn't to say you want to kill *rojos*," said the priest, "but love, even if you fight, them." For several days the Moors were observed taking council together aside in groups. And finally they drew up a letter to the Generalissimo, saying: "Our father Franco. At the hospital where we are there is a priest who is a *rojo* and who says that we ought to love the *rojos*. We think we ought to kill them and we ask your permission to do so." The Moors are kind to children and are loved by the people of Spain.

TWENTY YEARS LATER

• **ONE** could hardly have imagined in 1918 what would take place in 1938. The contrast is brought out by Samuel T. Williamson in "Armistice Day: The Drama Unfolds" in the "New York Times":

When silence fell on the front, bedlam broke out in allied countries. After a day and a night of celebration and thanksgiving, the world settled down to the future—a future that, in Woodrow Wilson's words, would insure "the destruction of every arbitrary power that can separately, secretly and of its single choice disturb the peace of the world."

It looked like a better world to live in. That is what it seemed to a 49-year-old man named Arthur Neville Chamberlain, who was standing for election to the House of Commons from the Ladywood Division of Birmingham; to First Lieutenant Edouard Daladier, who went into the French Army in August, 1914, a sergeant; to Benito Mussolini, the editor of the *People of Italy* in Milan and a former corporal of the Eleventh Bersaglieri, whose back was still scarred from a grenade accident

in the trenches the year before. But in Pasewalk Hospital, in Pomerania, Lance Corporal Hitler burst into tears.

In January, 1919, four men sat down in Paris to remake the map of Europe. Two of them had been teachers and writers, two were lawyers; all were heads of State. Two years later all were out of office, and today Wilson, Clemenceau and Orlando are dead. Only Lloyd George remains alive.

This Nov. 11 finds the armistice over. The treaty which the Big Four drew up has been chewed to pieces. Six weeks ago another Big Four—the man from Birmingham, the two former corporals and the ex-lieutenant—sat down in Munich to draw another map of Europe.

WOMEN AND FOOTBALL

• **AL ABRAMS** in the "Pittsburgh Post-Gazette" gives a sample of feminine attention at a football game:

"George tried to get away with not bringing me here today with that old gag that he could get \$20 for his tickets, but I told him I wouldn't speak to him any more if he didn't."

"Yes, Bill tried to do the same thing with me. He said he was going out with a gang of fellows, but I put my foot down on that quick. I was going to see the Pitt band do that 'Lambeth Walk' if it was the last thing I ever did."

"You know that big crowd's shoving and pushing reminds me there's a sale at So-and-So's tomorrow."

"Look at that woman three rows below us to the right. Look at that big square-cut diamond she's wearing while her hair needs a shampoo badly."

"I wonder what all that cheering's about. Pitt must have done something the way George is jumping up and down beside me."

"Yes, don't these men get excited though? I just can't wait until the first half is over so we can hear the bands play."

"Aren't those Fordham boys cute? I've been watching that big blonde who just tackled that 'Curly' somebody on the Pitt team."

"You mean 'Curly' Goldberg, don't you? I hear he's a good dancer."

"Ooh, look, Peg! Isn't that a gorgeous silver fox? Darn that fat man! He always jumps up at the wrong time. Now you can see them. Look, George. Isn't it beautiful?"

"These men don't appreciate showing them nice things. Look at Bill here yellin' his head off for a guy by the name of 'Casino' or 'Casnova' or something."

HUMOR IN RUSSIA

• **IT** is dangerous to be humorous in Soviet Russia, according to V. F. Calverton writing in "Current History":

Russian humorists find it difficult to function in Soviet Russia today. A wrong epigram, an unwise quip, may result in condemnation by the whole Soviet press, execration by the bureaucratic-minded critics, suppression of one's future work, and even in imprisonment. Zoshchenko, in consequence, has been as careful as an undertaker in his attempts, most of them wooden-winged, at being humorous or farcical. Even Katalev, whose play *Squaring the Circle* was so popular

in New York a few years ago, has resigned himself to silence. Few humorists in Russia are willing to hazard the ruthless attacks of the bureaucratic-dominated critics.

IRISH FAITH

• *IN THE long fight against persecution the Irish had little to support them. The following beautiful passage is from Sean O'Faolain's "King of the Beggars":*

So the people set out on their long journey with but one inheritance—their religion. They had not under the heavens and on the earth one single other weapon; not land, for they were allowed by law to own none; not position, for they were allowed by law to enter none; not so much as a gun, for they were allowed by law to possess none; not so much as a horse, for unless it was worth less than five guineas (and what animal was worth so little) they were allowed to possess none. They had no churches—even after the great reform of '82 they could not build a steeple, so that to this day the older churches in Ireland are without one. Neither had they any Episcopacy, or other church organization, except what they were able to preserve underground, and they had for nearly a hundred years to smuggle their priests from abroad. They had, in a word, with that one exception of their faith, nothing—neither a present, nor a past nor a future. They had no parliament, no vote, no papers, virtually no books, no leaders—no hope. Only one other thing they had. They had a cry that brought them back to first causes. That was: "Remember Limerick!"

MORE—NOT LESS DOGMA

• *In "More Dogma, Please" in the "Atlantic Monthly" Doctor Bernard Iddings Bell describes the astonishing ignorance of fundamental Christian teaching outside the Catholic Church:*

One has only to read the *Harper's Monthly Sermon Library*, to which fifty contemporary preachers have contributed each a volume of ten spiritual discourses, to see how few sermons there are which deal with fundamental Christian teaching. A layman friend of mine, after browsing through several of these volumes, said, "They are almost all concerned, these reverend gentlemen, in urging their hearers to apply Christianity to this or that problem, individual or social; but no stranger to Christianity, hearing their sermons, would gain a glimmer of an idea as to what that Christianity is which they wish to see applied. Do you suppose their congregations really know?"

My answer to that question was unhesitatingly in the negative; nor in so replying was I depending on guesswork. For over a quarter century I have been one preacher who has been intimately and non-professionally in touch with those who sit in the pews and listen. First in the navy, then in education, these last few years in a variety of pursuits, I have been thrown among lay people in such ways as made them talk with me not so much in the parson's manner as in that of the man in the street. These many brethren—at least such of them as were brought up in Protestant Sunday schools and have been preached to from Protestant pulpits—seem to have next to no knowledge of what Christianity is, of what it teaches about life or death or sin or redemption or God Almighty, or of what, if anything, they are supposed to do about it.

RED AIR RAIDS IN SPAIN

• *THE Spanish Reds were able to get a good press for the raids by Nationalist bombers in Red territory, but there was no publicity in the secular press about the air raids made by Red planes in Nationalist Spain. The E. I. A. News Service lists the number of Red raids and the victims in insurgent territory from July, 1936, to July, 1938.*

Place	Raids	Victims
Asturias	327	9,204
Santander	1	14
Palencia	15	99
Soria	21	27
Burgos	12	79
Logrono	6	19
Basque Provinces	90	329
Navarra	10	202
Huesca	163	3,871
Lerida	7	196
Saragossa	241	598
Teruel	256	460
Castellon	6	37
Guadalajara	83	282
Madrid	36	78
Toledo	57	215
Baleares	44	450
Morocco	22	348
Granada	121	480
Jaen	5	61
Cordoba	125	475
Malaga	51	154
Cadiz	10	78
Sevilla	51	223
Badajoz	13	80
Caceres	215	217
Salamanca	13	109
Avila	29	73
Segovia	28	82
Valladolid	20	412
Leon	7	3
Coruna	6	30
Total	2,091	18,985

WELL-PREPARED CONVERT

• *ON THE occasion of the death of Rev. Bertram Wolferstan, S. J., "The Catholic Times" of London recalled the unusual circumstances of his conversion to the Church. While in His Majesty's Navy Fr. Wolferstan was a contemporary of Admiral Jellicoe. He was about to receive a naval command when he embraced the faith:*

Early in the morning of December 18, 1891, a smart lieutenant of H. M. Royal Navy, in uniform, called on the priest in charge of the Catholic church at Barbados, British West Indies, and asked to be received into the Catholic Church. The Jesuit Father in charge suggested plans for a preliminary course of instruction, when he was told by the young officer that he had studied the Catholic Faith for the past nine years by himself, and was ready to answer any question that the Father might choose to put to him. The Jesuit made a searching examination of the neophyte and came to the conclusion that he was quite ripe for reception there and then.

After the ceremony, the convert said that he was fasting and wished to receive Holy Communion and offered to serve the Jesuit Father's Mass, for he had learnt that, too by himself—evidently no ordinary convert this, but a determined and thorough character.

BOOKS

Lords of the Press

by GEORGE SELDES

With much detail a veteran newspaperman indicts the anonymous group which wields the far-reaching power of the press. Bias in labor reporting, burial of "bad news," subservience to big business, are some of the charges flung at the mighty publishers. One by one the owners of papers and chains of papers are put in the spotlight. Their financial connections are exposed, their inconsistencies revealed, their press lobbying excoriated, their belittling of congressional investigations castigated.

The author accuses papers of acting as champions of innocuous issues and of failure to crusade against important evils or for urgent reforms. Reporters, journalists, desk men, are brought forth as first-hand and competent witnesses against their employers. There is truth—much truth—in his general theme that we do not have a free press.

Yet, as one reads the impression grows that a great part of his book might justly be styled, "Lament From the Left." Early in his work he solemnly asserts that the pressure of the Catholic Church is "one of the most important forces in American life," although he later admits that "pressure need not always be sinister." It is not sinister, we may presume, if it is on behalf of those things which Mr. Seldes favors. And in the end he exhorts most fervently: "Never grow weary of protesting . . . and if that fails, boycott the corrupt paper."

One may ask is this book, *Lords of the Press*, pressure or not? Has the author not fallen into the confusion and bias which he condemns in others? A survey of his opinions on the Spanish conflict, his stupid remark on the Pope's infallibility, his bland assertion that "all the correspondents in Spain then and now know that there never were and are not now any Russians in the International Brigade," his claim that the fight against the Reorganization Bill was not a fight on principle, but a fight against personality—leave the reader wondering with just what percentage of propaganda the general text is being larded.

Buying Books

We call the attention of our readers to a recent change in postal regulations in regard to the mailing of books. As formerly noted in these columns, any book noticed here or any other book you wish may be bought through THE SIGN. Instead of 10% of the cost of a book for postage, we ask our readers to add only 5¢ for postage for any book.

We take this opportunity to inform our readers that we shall greatly appreciate their patronage of the book companies which advertise in these columns. Such patronage is of distinct advantage to THE SIGN. We are very happy to fill your order for any books. Prompt attention will be given to such orders.

He is distressed that some of our leading columnists, who once got their ideas from—among others—Marx, Henry George, Mill, Thomas Paine, Voltaire, have run to others! The *New York Post* had his blessing until it came out with the editorial, "Stalin Takes Off His Mask," and condemned some of the abuses (not the right) of picketing. He believes the new *Better Times*—published by the Communist Party of units of the *New York Times*—true in the majority of its items. Strange to relate, however, this grand little paper—according to Mr. Seldes—was guilty of a distortion in its reporting of a Seldes-Sulzberger statement.

Sneers are in order for "the oracles"—Gen. Hugh Johnson, Westbrook Pegler, Dorothy Thompson, etc., when they write "propaganda" for the Association of Manufacturers.

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The same columnists, however, are held up to admiration when they support Mr. Seldes' pet aversions. "Boston is a Catholic town and the Catholic hierarchy press has gone in for unadulterated Red-baiting." Abe Cohan (former editor of the *Jewish Forward*) has joined the Red-baiters. As a matter of fact the author, who describes the régimes of Carranza, Obregon and Calles in Mexico as "the liberal-labor reform movement" and "anti-dictatorial" (!), sees Red-baiting almost everywhere.

There are some practical suggestions, in the closing chapters of the book, for approaching the ideal of a free press in this country. But, shot through as it is with prejudice, blatant leftism and one-sided quotations, we shall never attain that ideal by writing as does George Seldes. It is a pity that his experience has not taught him that lesson.

Julian Messner, Inc., N. Y. \$3.00.

Saint Catherine of Siena

by JOHANNES JORGENSEN

Johannes Jorgensen gives us much more than the simple life story of the poor dyer's daughter Catherine Benincasa, whose virtuous life from 1346 to 1380 drew attention to the ancient city of Siena and entitled that *Civitas Virginis* to enduring fame. Jorgensen's biography of St. Catherine is a graphic description of the fourteenth-century Christianity which was, as he says, "particularly not something that flourished inside the churches, but above all a reality."

Readers who share Jorgensen's love and admiration for Italy, especially Tuscan Italy, will delight in this work which unfolds a picture of surpassing beauty and simple tenderness. Readers who care nothing for the imaginative and poetic in the Italian's interpretation of Christianity will thoroughly enjoy this book because of the vivid force with which the author portrays a physically frail and pretty maiden taking a leading part in the swiftly moving drama of her country's history during the fourteenth century. Dramatic scenes abound throughout the course of Catherine's extremely busy life. Out of obscurity and up from poverty

emerges this prodigy of mental vision, this tower of moral strength, to enlighten a world confused by over-rationalized thinking, to support vacillating Churchmen and Statesmen in their struggle to establish the reign of Christ in His world. The life of St. Catherine illustrates emphatically that "God chooses the weak things to confound the strong." By reason of the part which Catherine played in renewing the unity of Christendom, this biography might be regarded as a preface to the subsequent history of Christianity as the life of a Universal Church evolved upon Christ's own plan of unity derived from infallible papal authority.

The personal holiness of Catherine Benincasa is amazing. The innumerable miracles, the extraordinary mystical phenomena which make up the subject matter of the first portion of Jorgensen's book might not interest the general reader. But they certainly reveal much of God's tenderness and intimate protection exercised toward souls who serve Him with simplicity of heart.

What should be of practical vital interest to all is the succession of incidents so familiarly described by the author, which show Catherine's sanctity in action. Never impatient with the habitual sinner, she seeks him out again and again, never judging him, but always mindful of the Divine mercy which forgives not "seven times but seventy times seven times." Despite the glaring imperfections of many Churchmen, her saintly vision penetrates beneath the garment of their frail humanity to behold always the sacred office which is of Christ. This attitude of Catherine should serve as a sharp rebuke to those (and their name is legion) who use the shortcomings of priests as argument against the Church herself. If anyone does not believe that the gates of hell shall not prevail against the Church, the reading of this book should change disbelief into certainty.

To read this book is to draw closer to God. One cannot resist the attraction of that strong and valiant woman who so completely put on the mind and heart of Christ, Catherine of Siena, beloved of God and men.

Longmans, Green & Co. \$3.50.

The Valiant Woman

by SHEILA KAYE-SMITH

In *The Valiant Woman* Sheila Kaye-Smith gives us a novel of more than ordinary interest. In fact, it is easily one of the best that this reviewer has read in recent years. The locale is contemporary Sussex. The

characters are the people of Cowplain, a small village where everyone knows everyone else—including their business—but where in spite of its insignificance tragedy and comedy play as great a part as elsewhere on the stage of life.

Unable to pay the taxes on his large holdings, Oliver Sadgrove sells part of his property. The part which he sells is divided into lots and sold to people from the city—much to the disgust of Mr. Sadgrove and the people of Cowplain, who consider anyone a foreigner who comes from a distance of twenty miles. The Trullilows, a farm which was part of the property sold, was occupied by Paul and Kay Reddinger—a couple already married for several years. Paul falls in love with the daughter of a neighboring squire, while Oliver Sadgrove and Kay Reddinger—the valiant woman of the story—fall in love. Kay Reddinger had been brought up a Catholic but had always taken her religion rather lightly. Now she is faced with a situation in which she must choose between her religion and her love. With consummate skill and understanding the author pictures the course of the struggle and its outcome.

Woven into the narrative are the lives and loves of other natives and newcomers, such as Colonel Parslow and Miss Plume—two characters who might have stepped out of the pages of Dickens—Lady Jennings, a convert with all a convert's zeal, Squire Challen and his family, the minister and his wife. The story of the illicit love affair between Paul Reddinger and Marigold Challen shows profound insight and is one of the finest portrayals of its kind in modern literature.

In this new work Sheila Kaye-Smith greatly enhances her already enviable reputation as a novelist.

Harper & Brothers, New York. \$2.50.

Affirmations

by SEVEN AMERICAN ANGLO-CATHOLICS

The incapacity of the human mind to believe in the revelation made by God is not an artificial fad merely of modern times but of all times. There have always been unbelievers scattered up and down the lanes of history, and there have always been groups of Agnostics, Sceptics, Rationalists and Irreligionists. These form a part of what Our Lord termed "the world."

Today are found seated in various halls of learning many men and women who carry on this fad of unbelief "by rationalizing it with a naturalistic science and an irrational

philosophy." They set out to confuse the young mind, to sow the seeds of doubt. They injure the native power of reasoning rightly, so that it is impossible to see the truth or pursue the good.

Naturally, the complaint comes "I simply cannot believe" and not believing in God, they come to lose faith in themselves as the children of God. Thus arises an era of disillusionment and despair. As these evils so affect those who cannot believe, so also do they proportionately affect those who have a weak or an incomplete faith, for whatever injures right reasoning injures faith also, and whatever weakens the will, obstructs the very wish to believe.

These are some of the ideas worked out in academic fashion by the seven Anglican writers who have contributed to this volume of 170 pages called *Affirmations*.

Those who are interested in what Anglo-Catholics think and write on problems of the mind in regard to religion will be repaid by a perusal of this book, though one may not agree with certain matters in detail.

At any rate it is an intelligent effort to tell us why men do not but should believe and why men cannot and yet can believe if they wish. One would like to see this emphasized; that a salutary faith is a gift of God, that it is supernatural. And that it is not merely "derived from a long and co-operative using of the human reason by generations of devotees."

Sheed & Ward, New York. \$2.00.

The Test of Heritage

by L. J. GALLAGHER

This book again raises the question of the Catholic novel, but first let us look at it merely as a novel.

It is a story of Russia during the World War and the Revolution for which the war set the stage. The chief characters are two young men studying for the Orthodox priesthood at a seminary in St. Petersburg. Boris Lydov is a man of the highest type, born of aristocratic parentage. Ivan Krassin seems to have entered the seminary with something less than the proper motive; he is from the peasantry. Both are called to the army at the declaration of war against Germany. Boris is made an officer and gives all he has to the cause. Ivan uses the army to promote the radicalism which he has made little effort to conceal, even while at the seminary.

The war has placed arms in the hands of the Reds and it is not long before war with Germany is succeeded by civil war and the downfall

SPEAKING OF CHRISTMAS—



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of the Empire. Ivan uses the revolution, in which he has become a leader, to further his personal ambition. His two main objectives are to win the love of a cousin of Boris and to avenge himself on Boris's uncle, who thwarted his plans for undermining the army through subversive activity. His efforts in these two directions and the resultant growing feud with the Lydovs, constitute the main lines of the narrative.

The characterizations are convincing. The story holds the interest of the reader sufficiently, although it is somewhat wordy here and there. But while the characters in themselves are convincing, their manipulation at times is not. The same must be said regarding the manipulation of situations. There is in this book an occasional straining for effect, which is all too evident. What is meant, at times, to be a casual meeting of characters, is not casual at all. The two small copies of the Bible, given to Boris and Ivan as they are leaving the seminary, are dragged into the story so frequently that the effect is quite naive. The manner in which quotations from the Scriptures are put into the mouth of Boris is a little too artless to be taken for anything except propaganda.

What about the Catholic novel? Let us have Catholic novels by all means, so long as they are not openly a vehicle for persuasion. The novel with an evident purpose defeats that purpose because it is immediately seen for what it is. It is unwelcome to both sides. Catholics who read books do not need to have ideas served to them under the guise of a story and non-Catholics will eschew a book that they see to be a not too subtle attempt to sway them.

Benziger Bros., New York. \$2.50.

Flesh Is Not Life

by HILARY LEIGHTON BARTH

In this modern world where any attempt at spirituality is apt to be scoffed at and where materialism reigns almost supreme, it is indeed refreshing to read a novel which has as its theme the thought, "flesh is not life." Mr. Barth in his first novel has presented a sincere and arresting picture of the many conflicting forces that swirl around the heads of our society and attack with such devastating force our youth.

His chief battleground is the conflict between Catholicism and Communism, but he has effectively pointed out the number of other "isms" that are pulling at society for a place in its scheme of things.

Without any pyrotechnics or false

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showmanship he has shown the evils and cruelties of Communism and revealed how it can smoothly and cunningly grasp in its tentacles and crush the spirituality of the unwary. The need for great faith in God and strict adherence to Christian principles is calmly and logically portrayed by Mr. Barth. The story of the mental struggles of the "Charm Girl" in her sincere attempts to find and understand God and her own life is a most convincing plea for the theme—flesh is not life.

The author should be especially congratulated on his fine literary style. There is a simplicity, naturalness and smoothness about his way of writing that portends great things for him. He has adopted the best characteristics of the moderns and rejected their vices. There is a delightful steadiness to the flow of thought in this book which makes it most charming to read. Descriptions are brief but vital. Few words are used to create effectively mood, characters and setting.

The characters are modern, significant and natural. They are the people we meet daily and they are fighting the same forces that we ourselves are trying to conquer.

This novel—the first to be published under the Bruce imprint—is worthwhile, and it is encouraging to see that there are still people who are fighting to preserve our social structure by pointing out the falseness of any doctrine that denies God.

Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wis. \$2.50

The Old Parish

by DORAN HURLEY

Doran Hurley has given us a refreshing book. In a simple and direct style he recounts the humorous and sad tales of an old parish. Because the author gives freedom to the imagination the details are often fanciful, without basis in fact. But that does not nullify its appeal nor prevent one from seeing therein the revelation of the life and spirit of real men and women. To tell the truth *The Old Parish* doesn't exist at all except in the mind of the author. And yet who could doubt that it was courageous Celts of the type here portrayed, with their pious beliefs and staunch souls, who had, in reality, a prominent part in blazing the trails to the Far West, who patriotically gave their best to their country in peace and war, and who did not a little in planting the seeds of a Christian civilization in these United States. Their simple faith, deep respect for authority, their loyalty to their church, their pastor

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and to each other will certainly delight the reader.

There is no question that many of our moderns, products of our so-called advanced age, will mock their beliefs, scorn their reverence and deride the simple lives and tastes of these children of Ireland. Then the words of Dinnie Shea will come to mind: "nothing is like it used to be. Nothing is. All . . . is changed. All . . . is gone." Dinnie exaggerated a bit. We know it hasn't all changed nor gone. We hope that some day what has changed and gone will be reborn to give us more of those honest, simple, just, and truly great people of *The Old Parish*.

This is the story of the Irish in a New England parish who have the defects and virtues of the strong, impetuous Gael. Despite their deficiencies they assume human form and tuck themselves real close to the heart. There is John Sullivan, a hero of the Civil War, who unable to settle down after it was over went to Rome to protect Pius IX who had "too much patience with his enemies." His knowledge of things Roman and his wisdom begotten of long experience gave him title to high importance with the parishioners, especially Larry O'Toole, who was related on his father's side to a saint. There are the women folk too. Mrs. Crowley with her unkind remarks, impetuous outbursts, but

nevertheless a likeable person, as are Mary Ellen Shea, Aggie Kelly and the others, all with their instinct for gossip. When the Protestant school teacher, Emeline Reed, had been the victim of a gross injustice they rallied to her cause and obtained justice for her in a triumph of Irish strategy. They are all enjoyable; in their deep hearts, good.

The book will delight the older readers, bringing back to them as it will many a sympathetic memory of a preciously simple environment. To the younger readers it will give at once hilarious entertainment and a fine chance to store up memories of a proud heritage that ought not to be forgotten. A splendid Yuletide gift!

Longmans, Green & Co., N. Y. \$2.00.

Manual of the Catholic Religion: Part 2, The Love of God

by CHARLES R. BASCHAB, Ph.D.

The distinctive quality of this Manual is the extent and the depth of the explanations given in the answers to the questions proposed by the author. It combines the catechetical and expository features, with much greater emphasis on the latter. It is called a "religious textbook" and is intended for "advanced students." This volume is Part 2 of a projected series of three books. The first volume treated the Knowledge of God and the third will deal with the Service of God. Apparently the plan of the author is to work out the answer to the question, "why did God make you?"

Part 2 explains the Love of God for man, the Nature of Sanctifying Grace, the Sacraments, especially the Holy Eucharist, and the Person and Office of Christ. The manner of treatment of these topics is very satisfying. It bespeaks scholarship and pedagogical practice. The recurrence to Holy Scripture for proofs and illustrations of Catholic doctrine not only adorn the text but also strengthen it. Exception may be taken, however, to the author's theological position regarding sacramental grace (p. 144), which he seems to abandon, at least in part, when discussing the graces of Matrimony (p. 227). This reviewer would like to see a clearer explanation of this matter. It appears to be commonly held by theologians that there are sacramental graces which add something to the essential grace of the sacraments. St. Thomas Aquinas describes it as a certain divine help to attain the end of the sacrament (3, q. 62, a. 2).

Text Book Publishing Co., San Francisco. \$1.50.

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Mint By Night

by ALFRED BARRETT, S.J.

Here is an attractive collection of forty-seven short lyric poems by one of the country's leading Catholic poets, Father Alfred Barrett, S. J. Displaying a whimsical reverence when treating of the Saints and the Gospel stories, Father Barrett's verses are reminiscent of the fine work done by another Jesuit versifier, Father Leonard Feeney.

"Being a poet
I had rather
Written as Bernard
Of God the Father
Son and Holy Ghost
Than penned the pleas
Of passion Abelard
Sent Heloise . . ."

Yet although there is humor backing the solidity of Catholic doctrine (and humor seems to be unknown to most Catholic writing today, be it prose or verse) the poet is at his best when treating of more serious things. Witness these lines, dedicated to Father Miguel Pro, S.J., executed at Mexico City on November 23, 1927:

" 'This is My Body,' he said on his
First Mass Day,
When the rose of priesthood
slipped its snowy bud.
Lifting his chalice heart now
could he say
At death, 'This is My Blood.' "

"Swift as an altar chime the rifles
rang . . .

The stole of crimson flowing over
his breast,

How bright it burned, and how his
sealed lips sang

The *Ite, Missa Est!*"

And these:

"Ah, yesterday was Christmas in
Berlin!

The papers did not print it, but
I saw

Storm troopers turn Saint Joseph
from the inn

And beds for only cattle in the
straw.

* * *

"Yet children journeyed—in their
dreams—beyond

Berlin to Bethlehem, and there
they knew

The Babe of Mary was not really
blond,

When to their German hearts
they clasped a Jew."

The main current flowing through *Mint By Night* is a delightful and humble familiarity with the soul of the Church. As is the prerogative of all good Christians, and perhaps more especially of poetic Christians, the author of the present text is very

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The America Press, N. Y. \$1.50.

Correspondent In Spain

by H. EDWARD KNOBLAUGH

The publishers were well advised to get out a new edition of this book, for it is one of the best of the many books which have attempted to describe the Spanish Civil War. Mr. Knoblaugh was an A. P. correspondent in Madrid when the war broke out. His independence in sending out authentic news from Madrid and Valencia made him distinctly *persona non grata* to the Loyalist authorities and he had to leave the country. He makes it clear that he is one-sided because he saw the war only from the Loyalist side. But what

he saw and records is a most damning indictment of the Loyalist cause.

This new edition brings the book up to date. The author's Appendix enables the reader to understand what has happened in Spain during the last year or so, which is something very different from what most of our secular papers would have us believe. Mr. Knoblaugh's account takes the ground from under the whole series of assumptions which have been so dextrously and unscrupulously employed by the friends of Loyalist Spain. It cheers one to know that an American newspaper man has had the courage and the honesty to expose the false foundation on which the defense of the Loyalist cause was built. This book should be placed on the "must" list for anyone who wishes to obtain an understanding of the whole sorry business.

Sheed & Ward, New York. \$2.50.

The Church's Daily Prayer

by DOM ERNEST GRAF, O.S.B.

Once we have tasted the sweetness and felt the substance and depth of the official prayers of the Church, we shall perceive how vastly different they are from the shallow and

unreal sentimentalities found in many of our modern books of devotion. However, it is one thing to read or recite or chant a prayer, and another to understand it and feel it and appreciate it.

The official prayers of the Church are short but expressive, simple as they are sublime, and adapted to the humblest intelligence. They are like the sea—there is no horizon, and we are constantly seeing new beauties and receiving new inspirations. And not until we can realize these facts will we ever be able to use intelligently and profitably the Missal or the Breviary, that is, *The Church's Daily Prayer*.

The aim of this book is to tell those who have no access to the many learned tomes written on this theme something of the origin and nature of the Church's own prayer book. After a clear analysis of what is meant by private and by liturgical prayer, the author explains in detail the function and nature of the Divine Office. Full and practical explanations are given of Matins, Lauds, Prime, the Little Hour, Vespers and Compline, and of the various attitudes used in ceremonial and liturgical prayer.

We warmly recommend this book not only to the clergy, who will find much therein that will be of interest, but to religious also who spend allotted time each day reciting or chanting the official prayers of the Church, and even to the laity, the generality of whom know so little of the daily prayer of the Church.

Burns, Oates & Washbourne, Ltd., London. \$2.00.

Vitoria and the Conquest of America

by HONORIO MUNOZ, O. P.

The discovery of America brought to the Catholic rulers, Ferdinand and Isabella, a moral question on the justice of the conquest. Jurists and theologians were consulted and many and ingenious were the reasons given upholding taking of the land from the Indians. Those who sought the favor of their sovereigns or feared disturbing them were led oftentimes into the realms of mere fantasy in seeking to justify the conduct of the conquerors. However, there were fearless jurists and moralists who did not hesitate to attack erroneous bases for the conquest or to dispute the facts alleged, which were often distorted in order

It's Not Too Early for a Christmas Reminder

Last year hundreds of people subscribed to THE SIGN as a Christmas gift for their friends. Renewals of these are due. We are sure that such renewals will be as welcome as the original subscriptions. Many readers also took advantage of the special offer of three one-year subscriptions for \$5.00.

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to be comprehended under the erroneous principles.

Among the leaders of these was the subject of this study. He not only ably refuted the false principles of those who sought the favor of the monarchs, but on the other hand was able to propose a series of principles on which the conquest could be justified. Very clearly defined and well-established circumstances alone could justify the extreme measure of conquest. His principles became the basis for what we know as International Law. The book is timely in considering the justice of the conquests that are taking place today. Unfortunately, the work suffers from a lack of acquaintance with English idiom on the part of the author. And the general reader would prefer to have all Latin quotations in the footnotes rather than in the text.

University of Santo Tomas Press, Manila. \$2.00.

A Better Rural Life

by EDGAR SCHMIEDELER, O.S.B., Ph.D.

Here is a veritable *Vade Mecum* for the rural Pastor or Diocesan Directors of the Rural Life Program. The Reverend Doctor Schmiedeler in his latest volume has given us a concise statement of the rural problem and many apt suggestions for its remedy.

The importance of the rural problem as stated by the author cannot be over-estimated. From the Catholic viewpoint it is of paramount importance. Catholics in urban centres are so inclined to be filled with their own problems that they are apt to forget the struggle that is being waged in our rural sections. Unfortunately, our rural problem lacks the romance of the foreign mission field and also the spectacular appeal of the fight that is going on against the various "isms". These two facts may account for our negligence in looking after our rural friends.

However, in a quiet, but most efficient way, the work has been done by our co-religionists in the farming sections. The account of the progress already made and the various agencies set up to solve the rural problem will be a surprise to most of us. The Catholic Vacation Schools, the Rural Life Bureaus and many other organizations are in a flourishing state and doing excellent work among the Catholics of the farm sections.

Every student of present-day problems will find this book instructive. To rural Pastors it is essential. Diocesan Directors of Rural Bureaus will find here a clear statement of their problem and many invaluable suggestions as to its remedy. We cannot recommend this book too highly

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Witnesses To Christ

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Once more we are indebted to Archbishop Goodier for bringing vividly before us the Christ who walked the earth. With a real appreciation of the historical and mental background of the people of the time, he shows us Christ as they saw Him. His portrayal is by no means the product of his own fancy—his impressions of how Christ should have appeared. For he produces testimony given to our Saviour by the words and deeds of those about Him.

Some—such as His own townspeople—bore unwilling witness. Their acknowledgment of His great learning, while admitting He had never attended the great schools, was evidence that His wisdom came from above. The apostles—so slow to understand at first—in time gave testimony by their preaching and their

blood. John, privileged to penetrate more deeply than others into the mystery of his Master, eloquently put forth the truths he had perceived.

No dreary document of proofs is this, but a living picture filled with the light and the warmth of its subject. In his calm, yet throbbing style the author arrays before us in their own setting the people in whose midst Christ spent His days. From their eager or hesitating lips he quotes their words of witness. From their deeds he draws acknowledgment of what they will not speak.

P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York. \$2.25.

God, Man, and the Church

by VLADIMIR SOLOVYEV

Translated by Donald Attwater

We might describe this piece of work as the brown studies of a soul who attained the fulness of religious truth after a long and tedious process of groping. On the one hand, it is a book that engenders respect for the wanderer's keen intellect and nobility of religious spirit; on the other hand, it was written twelve years before his conversion, while he was still "in the dark." It is a book to be studied rather than read: even among studious readers, its appeal will be limited: a reader theologically untrained should prefer material less involved and more safely Catholic.

In spots, the author expresses particularly well man's need of reliable religion for a fulness of living. For a fulness of life as appropriate to man, he develops three postulates: conservation of life, an understanding of life, and life made duly moral. When dwelling on our twofold appetite for immortality and moral perfection, he writes well and echoes the hunger of the normal man. His statements are sound and clear concerning our freedom in paying to God the respects that we are not free to withhold.

When the translator deemed it necessary, he endeavored to clarify the text by way of footnotes. The English version is from the French, the latter from the original Russian. That a book otherwise worthy of publication should be so pock-marked with peculiarities is understandable, of course, in view of the author's early and tortuous quest for truth. As young as fourteen, he had abandoned Christianity; six years later, he returned as far as the Orthodox Church; he was forty-three before his full and final conversion. The author's text, if thoroughly redacted by the able translator, would make much easier and more profitable reading.

Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee. \$2.50.

SHORTER NOTES

THE SALVATION OF THE NATIONS, by H. FRANKE, (G. E. J. Coldwell, London, England). The world outside German jurisdiction is quite conscious of the racial emphasis prevalent at the present time. The people who are dominated by Hitler have not only the knowledge of information in this regard but they have also the knowledge of realization. Breathing this atmosphere in Germany, it is not startling that some savant should bring before the minds of any audience he can get, whatever there is in Catholic doctrine of a sympathetic nature to the prevailing spirit of the day. Those interested in ideas and things Germanic may find the time to peruse the written thoughts of this author. But it is quite certain that they who lack any special interest in Germany and its problems would read no more than a few pages before discarding it as one of the books they don't care to remember.

BELIEF IN GOD, by V. REV. TIHAMER TOTI, (Herder & Co., St. Louis, Mo., \$1.75.) Monsignor Toti preached the

fifteen sermons of which this book is composed in the University Church of Budapest. They are a course on faith. He presents faith in its several aspects and all he says goes to show the reasonableness of faith in God and the happiness which accrues to those who have it. The sermons are well constructed and reveal a thorough knowledge of Catholic doctrine, as well as of the many temptations which assail the believing man today. Reading them is a tonic. Priests engaged in preaching will find them of great help when treating this subject and the laity will also profit from reading them. The author has the happy faculty of bringing Catholic truth home to the individual. His illustrations are apt and his method of presentation refreshing. The price, however, seems excessive.

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THE INDEX

of the 17th volume of THE SIGN—August, 1937 to July, 1938—is now available at ten cents per copy.

This detailed index lists all the books reviewed in THE SIGN during that year.

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Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion of Jesus Christ

ARE YOU LIVING WITH CHRIST?

IN THE second chapter of the *Rule of Life* for the members, we read: "Try to understand thoroughly and appreciate profoundly the interior life of the Church. Live in your daily life the feasts and solemnities of holy Church. Celebrate with the Church the mysteries of Christ and His Blessed Mother."

There is more practical wisdom in those few words than we may have realized. The Church, commissioned by God to sanctify us, has established in her yearly cycle, a method of holiness which has for its aim the assimilation of our souls to Christ, for the Father has predestined us "to be made conformable to the image of His Son." Rom. VIII, 39. Each year, therefore, the Church celebrates the principal events in the life of Christ, shows us the virtues He practiced, and assures us of special graces. It is important, therefore, that we be impregnated with the spirit of each season that we may derive the full benefit therefrom.

Advent is the Springtime of the Church's year, and you know that the flowers of Spring are by far the sweetest. Others may be gaudier but these have the sweetest breath. The Immaculate Conception of the Mother of Christ! (Dec. 8). Is it not one of the sweetest feasts? But the joy of soon possessing Christ Himself is the prevailing note of the Season of Advent. The repeated and urgent appeals to the Father and to the Word, take us back to the time when Christ was not yet born.

We, therefore, as Christians, followers of Christ, members of the Archconfraternity of the Passion of Christ, should enter into the spirit of Advent and yearn sincerely, lovingly, even impatiently, "that we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ." To accomplish this, avoid much talking and useless reading, practice silence and recollection, meditative reading and mental prayer. Read from your Missal the Masses for the Sundays of Advent, the Ember Days of Advent, the Vigil of Christmas, and the three Masses for Christmas Day—not like a daily newspaper in a half-distracted way amid the noise and chatter of the sitting room. Sit down in a quiet corner as if you were about to read the letters or messages of a dear relative or friend who is on his way to visit you. Read very slowly, again and again, and think. Read the same once more and listen to the words of eternal life.

ARCHCONFRATERNITY, ST. MICHAEL'S MONASTERY, UNION CITY, N. J.

Gemma's League of Prayer

BLESSED Gemma Galgani, the White Passion Flower of Lucca, Italy, is the patron of this League of Prayer.

Its purpose is to pray for the conversion of the millions of pagan souls in the Passionist Missions in Hunan, China, and to obtain spiritual comfort and strength for our devoted missionaries. One should have the general intention of offering these prayers for the spread of Christ's Kingdom in China.

All requests for leaflets, and all correspondence relating to Gemma's League should be addressed to Gemma's League, in care of

THE SIGN, Union City, New Jersey.

SPIRITUAL TREASURY FOR THE MONTH OF NOVEMBER

Masses Said.....	18
Masses Heard.....	10,037
Holy Communions.....	5,679
Visits to B. Sacrament.....	9,482
Spiritual Communions.....	21,861
Benediction Services.....	3,880
Sacrifices, Sufferings.....	13,357
Stations of the Cross.....	3,447
Visits to the Crucifix.....	13,709
Beads of the Five Wounds.....	2,329
Offerings of PP. Blood.....	30,370
Visits to Our Lady.....	11,050
Rosaries.....	10,230
Beads of the Seven Doors.....	2,164
Ejaculatory Prayers.....	450,944
Hours of Study, Reading.....	5,416
Hours of Labor.....	24,477
Acts of Kindness, Charity.....	9,156
Acts of Zeal.....	16,457
Prayers, Devotions.....	218,691
Hours of Silence.....	8,411
Various Works.....	8,630
Holy Hours.....	744

Restrain Not Grace From the Dead

(Ecclus. 7:37)

Kindly remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers:

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REV. M. J. O'CONNELL
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MOTHER ANN CARPENTER
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May their souls and the souls of
all the faithful departed through
the mercy of God rest in peace.
—Amen.

**Here's the man of the
inside front cover
without his whiskers**



The Postman rings—but he rings **TWELVE TIMES** when you give **THE SIGN** as a Christmas Gift.

He'll ring the doorbell of your friend's home **TWELVE TIMES** during the year 1939.

And we assure you that each interesting and informative issue of **THE SIGN** will make your friends think that Christmas comes all year through.

PLEASE READ THE INSIDE FRONT COVER.

Read the insert in this issue.

And let me hear from you **PROMPTLY**, please!

***With THE SIGN Christmas Comes
Twelve Times A Year***



WAR ORPHANS IN HUNAN!

These homeless children were assigned by Madame Chiang Kai Shek to the Sisters of St. Joseph in the Passionist Mission at Chihkiang. The Sisters of Charity are caring for another hundred at Yüanling. Note the sand bags—air raid precaution.

Besides these children who are to remain indefinitely in these two missions, thousands of other refugees are receiving food, shelter and medicine from our missionaries.

First-hand reports of the distress and misery overwhelming our district have just been received.

Please read "Our Refugee Problem" (page 287) and "Cholera and War Orphans" (page 291) in this issue.

Your donation, however small, will help in this crisis. Please send it at once to:

The Hunan Relief Fund

THE SIGN

UNION CITY, N. J.

